JOHN BULL

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No. 115122

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

On Thursday the Prime Minister gave the country his interpretation of the "Two-Power Standard" formula. He means by it "a preponderance of ten per. cent. over the combined strength of the capital ships of the two next strongest Powers." The House of Commons cheered, the Press rejoices—even the Navy League approves. Now we of JOHN BULL have always advocated the maintenance of a Navy strong enough to meet any probable contingencies, and we have always approved the two-Power standard *as applied to Europe*. This was the policy of the late Government. Speaking as First Lord in the House of Lords (1906), Lord Cawdor defined the formula as "a fleet equivalent to any two Powers *in Europe*." But Mr. Asquith goes far beyond this. For Europe he substitutes the world. The next strongest naval Power is the United States. The American Navy is growing more rapidly even than the German, and in capital ships the Germans will soon be running us hard. If Mr. Asquith's pledge is to be made good we shall within the next five years be spending sixty millions yearly upon our fleet, and quite probably more.

Where is the money to come from? And if we could find it, would it be well spent? Our danger is in Europe, not at the other side of the world. In the past our fleets have been kept at a strength believed to be sufficient to give us supremacy in our own waters against the Spaniard, the Dutchman, the Frenchman. To-day the menace is from Germany. If our fleet is as strong as that of Germany, plus France, plus a ten per cent. margin, that surely should be enough. It may be said that Germany and the United States may combine against us—and then? Yes, and pigs may fly, but, as the schoolboy says, they are very unlikely birds. Statesmen, as Sir Robert Peel told the House of Commons when discussing this same question of the Navy, are not called upon to provide against fantastic combinations. The remedy would be worse than the disease. We do not suppose that Mr. Asquith is really prepared to face the expenditure that would be required to carry out his formula, or that he has worked out what that expenditure would be. If that be so, it is to be regretted that upon such a matter he has indulged in loose phraseology.

We publish elsewhere in this issue a remarkable article upon the mental condition of the German Emperor. It is written by a German, a monarchist, with no desire to belittle his sovereign, but profoundly impressed by the dangers that menace his country and the world consequent upon the Kaiser's mental condition. The truth is well known in certain circles in Germany; it is known, of course, in this country to a few, but it is not known to the great mass of the people, and we think it should be. Some of our readers may find it difficult to believe one of the statements of the article—namely that the Kaiser "is not able to write a decent German sentence"—and may, in consequence, be inclined to discredit the rest of the story. In support of the allegation, we shall next week publish one of the Kaiser's letters in the original German, accompanied by a literal translation.

What a muddle we are getting into over this wretched Licensing Bill! The position of the Government during Report stage has at times been pitiable in the extreme—the climax being reached when in company with Mr. Harold Cox and one or two other adult members of the House, we have had to come to the rescue of floundering Ministers! If ever the Lords had an opportunity to justify its existence, here it is. A Bill never asked for by the country, indignantly repudiated by it at every bye-election, never seriously discussed in any detail—it is the bounden duty of the Second Chamber to send it back with a simple message in these terms: "First get it into intelligible shape, and then ask the electors what they think of it—and, after that, if they approve the measure, let us see it again."

Who *was* responsible for that little raid on the "Abode of Love"? Ever since our revelations we have been inundated with suggestions for assaults upon the Agapemone, and not unnaturally a large number of people have been wondering whether, in fact, we were not in some way or other behind the recent fiasco. It therefore behoves us to say plainly that any glory attaching to the recent engagement is not ours. As a matter of fact, had we contemplated any such proceeding, we think we should have waited for the return of "the Messiah" from his Scandinavian retreat—to which, as announced in these columns a few weeks ago, he had taken a hurried flight during the publication of our articles. In the interests of historical truth, however, we may, perhaps, be permitted to ask our beloved contemporary, the *Daily Mail*, the following questions:—

(1) Is it in the habit of sending representatives to remote parts of the country on the strength of anonymous letters?

(2) How did its representative, or representatives, go down to Spaxton?

(3) Did they arrive at a certain Hotel at Taunton on the Sunday evening in a motor-car *in the company of the raiders?*

A woman who was sued the other day for a bread bill explained that the bread was supplied seven years ago, the week in which Queen Victoria died. "This had nothing to do with the dear Queen's death, madame," replied our delightful friend Judge Willis. "Never associate anything with her except what is beautiful, and pure, and good." But the woman made no complaints whatever about the quality of the bread.

And that naturally leads us to another *obiter dictum*, or *ipse dixit*, or *jeu d'esprit*, or whatever his Honour calls his mellifluous maunderings about men and women and things while in the seat of judgment. "I don't regard children as encumbrances," he said, severely rebuking a gentleman in his court a few days since; "they are blessings and the joy of the home." But we can assure his Honour that people can have too many blessings and joys in the home. For instance, we find in another part of the paper in which this judicial observation was reported that a woman was summoned at Yarmouth for failing to send one of her children to school. As she had just been confined of her sixteenth child, she could not appear, and a daughter dropped in to inform the magistrates that there were still ten children at home under eleven years of age, and that her father, a labourer, was earning fifteen shillings per week. His Honour will, therefore, perceive that circumstances alter cases.

As an instance of the widespread national advantage of living to earn an old age pension of five shillings a week, the case of Mr. Charles Kelly, of Inver, County Donegal, Erin, deserves the publicity of these candid columns. To cut a long story short, Mr. Kelly is now 111 years of age, has applied to the official authorities for the pension aforementioned, and, if he lives until he is well on the way to 112, by which time all the forms will be filled up and the inquiries into his past life completed, he will probably get it. Then out of pure joy, like the lad who loved Annie Laurie, he will probably be willing to "lay him doon an' d'e."

We live in an age of perfect mania for new legislation upon every conceivable subject comprised in human affairs. The fact is that everything worth legislating about, with the exception of dormant bank balances, has long ago been dealt with, and the results embodied in the Statute Book. Accordingly, we are now asked to interest ourselves in such new questions as whether children should be allowed to smoke Woodbines, under what exact conditions a fully-grown sane adult person should drink beer, and whether ladies ought to wear feathers in their hats. The present House of Commons contains a larger number of ridiculous cranks and hopeless freaks than any other of modern times.

In connection with the Milton Tercentenary this year, it may be worth while to recall two curious anecdotes preserved by the painstaking industry of Isaac D'Israeli. One bright literary spark presented the public with a new verson of "Paradise Lost" in "blank verse," written, as he quaintly added, "to bring the work nearer to the summit of perfection." But, worse still, another genius, having unearthed a translation of the poem into French verse, and not knowing that it was a translation, turned it back again into English prose. It is doubtful whether any equally illustrious man of letters has ever had such outrages perpetrated on his memory.

Some offences are especially abhorrent. For one such offence, that of indecently assaulting young children, whom he enticed into his garden as they came from school, Major-General Gardiner Frederick Guyon, of Egerton House, Richmond, has just been sentenced to nine months' imprisonment in the second division. The amazing part of the case is that the Major-General used to give the parents of the children money to say nothing about his filthy conduct, and seems to have imagined that these payments expiated his offences. Of a man who corrupts little children, all that can be fitly said is that he must have become a beast by moral perversion. A few lashes with the cat, and then confinement in a criminal lunatic asylum, would appear to be most fitting punishment for the crime.

"You probably have seen," writes the Rev. Hanworth H. Rackham, from St. Paul's Vicarage, Edgware Road, in his *Parish Magazine*, "an account of the courageous action of Canon Thompson, in the Norwich Diocese, who, instructed by his Bishop, is upholding the law of the Church in regard to marriage. I trust you will give him the benefit of your prayers in his time of trial, and that the whole Church will follow his faithful lead." Now the courageous action of Canon Thompson amounts to this: He has refused to admit a parishioner to Communion because he married his deceased wife's sister, though the marriage is legal by the law of the land, though he has been ordered to accept the applicant by an ecclesiastical Court, and though the only ground upon which he would be justified in refusing Communion, according to the rubric, is that the applicant is "a notorious evil liver." While the congregation are about it, therefore, they should associate the Rev. Mr. Rackham with Canon Thompson in their prayers, and before they reach the end, they may as well add the Bishop. Let them pray that this precious trinity may be endowed with the Christianity of the Master they profess to serve, and that they may have that charity without which they are as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. Canon Thompson's refusal, under the protection of his Bishop, to admit a devout, legally-married parishioner to Communion, scandalises, not honours, the Church's faith and worship.

In one of the law courts the other day, Dr. C. A. Mercier, well-known as a specialist in mental diseases, said that while he would not go as far as the judge in suggesting that perhaps all of us were rather mad, he would hesitate to give anybody a certificate of absolute sanity. We all know that "genius is to madness near allied," and, according to Dryden—

> There is a pleasure sure
> In being mad which only madmen know.

Undoubtedly there are more mad people out of the lunatic asylums than ever get into them. We all know, too, somebody with a tile off. Yet he goes about doing his work in the world, and, except for his way of doing it, he would never raise a suspicion that his brain was other than normal. But what we suspect in other people, other people probably suspect in us, with, it may be, equal reason. You can visit a lunatic asylum, and nothing whatever in the demeanour of the patients may strike you as out of the common. They will talk politics with you, play chess or cards with you, and the pianoforte at you, and generally conduct themselves as normal creatures. But if you should chance to mention the Royal Family, they will probably tell you in confidence that they are the Prince of Wales or Queen Anne travelling *incognito*. Hundreds of people who are in lunatic asylums are mad only on one point. Thousands of people who are out of them are mad on several. You remember the story of the lunatic who thought he was God, and being asked by a fussy visitor how business was up in heaven, replied, "I never talk shop."

It is hard on the policeman that the Day of Rest, or any day of rest, has no meaning for him. The Policeman's Weekly Rest Day Bill, now before a House of Commons Committee, will put that little injustice right if ever it reaches the Statute Book as

we trust it will. It still remains true that when constabulary duty's to be done, a policeman's lot is not a happy one; and any arrangement which can conveniently be made to give him one day's rest in seven will no doubt tend to the improvement of both his efficiency and his temper. It is a marvel how well, in all the existing circumstances, he keeps the latter commodity under control. Apropos, in giving evidence before the Committee, Inspector Andrews, of Sheffield, complained that one of the hardships of the force is the merciless cross-examination to which its members are subjected at the hands of counsel and solicitors. It is not easy to see, however, that cross-examination is harder on a policeman than any other witness. Truth, as we all know, is at the bottom of a well, and it is the duty of every citizen to help to haul it up. The abuse of the right of cross-examination is another matter.

Speaking of this abuse of cross-examination, there is much to be said for the complaint as to its increasing growth in our Courts. We must remember that to a nervous man or woman the mere fact of giving evidence in a law court is a terrifying ordeal, but to be bullied and badgered in cross-examination is torture by mental vivisection. It is all very well for the lawyers to say that the Judge is there to protect a witness if counsel oversteps the limits of his privilege. In point of fact, the Judge's power to interfere in cross-examination is practically nil as long as counsel takes care to keep within the elastic rules of evidence. There are cases where to distress, and embarrass, and frighten a witness is the object which counsel sets out to accomplish. And though the *raison d'etre* of the licence of cross-examination in British law courts is to establish the truth and break down the lie, the fact is that it is used to confuse, and trap, and discredit a witness with the view of proving the side of the case which counsel is paid to champion. So that, so far from cross-examination as now conducted being used to establish the truth, it is largely used to establish a lie.

Add to all this that the right of framing the answer is much more restricted than the right of framing the question. Indeed, the one-sided game has such unforgettable attractions for lawyers that it is by no means uncommon for judges themselves to take a hand in it. Practically, there is no limit of choice to counsel's question in cross-examination; he can ask what he likes, even to the extent of raking up every incident of long-spent years, to "discredit the witness." But this a witness should always remember. If counsel asks for "yes" or "no," the witness should answer "Yes, but——" or "No, but——" and should continue repeating this formula until counsel or the judge allows the necessary explanation to be made. Even a judge must bow to the quiet and determined insistence of that "but." His lordship cannot say, "But me no buts" in such case. That "but" is at once the refuge and the strength of every bullied and badgered witness who utters it whenever a question is framed to trick him into saying something he does not wish to say.

Unquestionably temperance reformers have a hard nut to crack in the allegation that one of the chief causes of intemperance is the extraordinary nastiness of teetotal drinks. Water is insipid, and it is not improved by an admixture of sugar, ginger, and gas. Horehound beer, sarsaparilla, effervescing salines, oatmeal ale and so forth are most unexhilarating and unprofitable to head and heart; while tea, coffee, cocoa, and milk are not to be thought of as festive beverages. The crying need of the time is a teetotal drink which warms the heart, expands the mind, drives dull care away, and tickles the fancy. A fortune awaits its inventor.

The ways of the Post Office are almost as inscrutable as those of Providence. We printed some months ago the complaint of a correspondent, who had had a registered letter sent to him at Cetinje. On complaining that it had never reached him, he was informed that enquiry would be made if he deposited some pennies, and that these would be returned to him if the Post Office were at fault. Nearly a month after the despatch of the letter, he received it through the intercession of a friend in Montenegro. The other day he was favoured with the following letter:—

> Sir,—With reference to your letter of the 6th of June last, requesting the return of a registered letter sent to you on the 12th of May at the Poste Restante, Cetinje, I am directed by the Postmaster-General to inform you that, according to a reply just received from the Austrian Post Office, the registered letter in question was delivered on the 11th of June last to your authorised representative.

We wonder why it took the Secretary to the Post Office from June to September to discover that a letter had been delivered, and why he did not offer to refund the deposit. We only insist upon the refund of the deposit because we consider that, when a special registration fee has been paid, such a deposit is outrageous.

We do not set up to be austere critics of morals, but we confess to some surprise at finding the following example of Swinburne and treacle in the smug, sea-green, incorruptible columns of the *Westminster Gazette*:

Stimulus.

Dig deep the spur—care not how deep you go;
Let the blood spurt till both are stained with red.
What matters pain so long as we two know
The thing that led us, and whereto it led?

You want to see the pain? Then, Sweet, dig deep,
Spare not one pang and let the anguish bite,
Till all lives quivering after age-long sleep,
Till tears of blood fall slowly in your sight.

Then give me love, then kiss the tears away
And taste their bitter-sweetness in your mouth;
Then, after frost and darkness, give me day
And halcyon airs that whisper of the South.

"Stimulus," indeed! We wonder what precise effect erotic lines of this kind are likely to have upon the old women of both sexes who are in the habit of shaking their curls over the cartoons of Sir F. C. Gould? In another portion of the same issue we find a nice kind person who signs himself or herself "A Parent, Guardian, and ex-Teacher," and who deliberately advocates the flogging of girls of sixteen and seventeen. We are not squeamish, but we do draw the line at this infamous suggestion. The *Westminster Gazette* has been making frantic efforts of late to obtain some sort of circulation, but it is not likely to succeed so long as it persists in its present career of drivel.

A correspondent tells us that the following little homily on "Loyalty" is hung up, for the benefit of the children, in the Council schools in Pennyfoot Street, Nottingham:—

> If you work for a man in Heaven's name work for him. If he pays you wages that supply your bread and butter, work for him; speak well of him; stand by him and stand by the institution he represents. If put to a pinch, an ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of cleverness. If you must vilify, condemn and eternally disparage, why not resign your position? And when you are outside, damn to your heart's content; but as long as you are part of the institution, do not condemn it. If you do you are loosening the tendrils that hold you to the institution, and the first high wind that comes along, you will be uprooted and blown away in the blizzard's track, and probably you will never know why.—Elbert Hubbard.

This graceful effusion apparently emanates from the Central Education Company, Derby; and we should like to have Mr. Runciman's views upon it.

Mr. Alexander Ure, M.P., is Solicitor-General for Scotland. And there is no nonsense about Mr. Ure. He knows his mind, and he knows what to do if the Lords throw out the Licensing Bill. He looks forward "with no sort of dismay to the treatment the Bill may receive." He would simply "lay on the trade, not a small, paltry fee, but a swinging licensing duty which would enable the country, not fourteen years hence, but within the present financial year, to recover what was its own property." The hon. and learned member went on to say that in adopting such a course, the Government would have the people of the country at its back. We agree—but that might indicate the first position in the act of kicking them out of office.

We notice that at the recent dinner of the Liberal League no speeches were delivered. We wish that the members and their President would make a permanent practice of this eloquent taciturnity.

A Mr. Stone, of Oxford, has discovered a delightful article in a German newspaper, entitled "A Study in English School Life and Schoolboy Slang, as Represented in Kipling's 'Stalky & Co.'" The German philologist gives "brolly" for "umbrella" as an instance of aphæresis, and we have an example of "transferred appellations of human beings." Thus, "The name of an author becomes the name of the book written by him," *e.g.*: "You'd better carry your Jorrocks. Jorrock was a great zoological scholar." We are also told that "bag is a word for wide trousers, and is then used as a verb, meaning 'drop stealthily in one's trousers,' 'steal,' 'take.'" A "piffler" is "a man with a moral end in view but nothing to back it except a habit of talking sentimental rubbish. Example: 'Don't jaw, you fat piffler.'"

In his new book, "Problems of the Day," the auriferous Carnegie emphasises the dictum that the millions of the millionaire should go at his death not to his children, but to the State. "The children," says Mr. Carnegie, "nearly always use money badly." The objections to this proposition are obvious, and stated in the crude way Mr. Carnegie states it, may be put out of court. But, as it happens, point is given to the aphorism that the fathers save and the children scatter by the case of an ex-lieutenant of cavalry, Mr. Holt Freeman, who appeared in the London Bankruptcy Court a few days ago. Coming of age in 1896, he acquired a fortune of £240,000. Subsequently he received an additional £10,600. In 1905 he had a surplus of £248,896. To-day his liabilities are £30,000 and his assets £7,438. We do not preach in John Bull. But if there is any parson among our readers in search of a text for next Sunday's sermon, our suggestion is that it should be, "Mr. Freeman is an ass."

The appeal of Mrs. Asquith and her co-signatories for the names of men and women willing to enlist for personal service among the poor during this cruel winter of poverty and destitution will, we hope, find a ready response among the leisured and wealthy. As a means of stimulating their sympathies, let us suggest that some of these willing social workers walk along the Embankment at one o'clock in the morning till they come to Waterloo Bridge. Under the arches there, any morning at about that time, they will find from a thousand to twelve hundred men, eighty per cent. of them all but submerged, twenty per cent. of them British workers on the way to submersion. Not more than one or two of this pitiful army has twopence to buy him even the shelter of a dosshouse; the rest sleep out, or walk about the streets. All are famished; nearly all are ragged, little better than human scarecrows; many are almost too weakly to walk. Let the social volunteers follow these men to the Salvation Army soup kitchen in Millbank; and when they see what Staff-Captain McGregor is doing there, under Commissioner Sturgess, let them leave a cheque with him in God's name.

It is not a question what the great majority of these poor creatures have been, or are. They may be all that you picture them at a glance—creatures who by their own faults, or failings, or misfortunes have sunk to the stage of the loafer and the tramp. If you please, take it that they are the odd men out; but, while the life beats in their bodies, remember they are men with the human need of food and shelter. Not dozens, but hundreds of them could not work in the sense of work, if they were offered it. They have not the strength for it. In their weakness, they have not the heart for it. The heart is crushed out of them, and unless hands warm with practical sympathy grip them quick and hold them fast, they will drift out to sink in the dark, unpitying sea. To save them is but the human work of feeding them, as we feed our horses and our dogs. As for shelter, is nobody in London rich enough to provide a few kennels—four wooden walls with a roof—into which they may creep when the winter's night freezes their blood and bones?

"Jim Crow" writes us:—"Some blithering little idiot sent a letter to his Majesty beginning 'My dear King, being only five years of age, I did so want my dada to let me send you a card,' and so forth. The dada, of course, ought to be thrown into a horsepond, but what shall we do to the editors of newspapers who have encouraged the cretinous little footler by advertising her name and address?" Sour man!

We wonder how many of our town readers know the meaning of the technical word "sharps." They will say it has something to do with music or race-meetings. But it is a foodstuff which is sometimes used for stuffing dolls. A firm at Worcester is in the habit of selling it, and recently delivered 1 lb. to a superintendent of police with an invoice stating that it contained not less than one per cent. each of oil and albuminoids. They were then haled before the magistrates on the heinous charge of not having stated the precise percentage, which was greater than one per cent. They pleaded that as two professional analysts had differed in their estimates, it would have been very difficult for them to make the required statement. Solicitors and magistrates discussed this great problem for several hours, and the firm was eventually fined £10, though the solicitor who prosecuted for the County Council had said at the outset that "the case involved no charge against the defendants of dealing otherwise than in a perfectly straightforward manner." Surely an unfair penalty to impose in a test case, which would have been established quite as convincing by a fine of a shilling.

A correspondent writes, "Absit Amen," with reference to the East Finchley hymn, "Hear the pennies dropping," but says we may put it the old way if we like. We are, however, quite content with the amendment.

A kind gentleman has been suggesting that drinkers should take out licences, which would be endorsed in case of drunkenness and withdrawn after three endorsements. The licence would have to be produced whenever anyone desired to purchase liquor. We suggest that the licence should take the form of a little book in which every purchase of liquor would be recorded, and that the consent of a policeman should always be required to determine whether prudence ought to permit any further purchases. It might also be enacted that no male person should be permitted to enter a club or licensed premises when unaccompanied by his grandmother or nearest female agnate.

In connection with the Old Age Pensions Act, we must not overlook the probability that a large number of firms will withdraw their compassionate allowances to old employees. Thus we find the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway Companies almost excusing themselves for adopting this course, although they have chosen a somewhat tortuous and roundabout manner of announcing their decision. The other day one of their pensioners received with his monthly allowance a printed document in these terms:—

Old Age Pensions Act, 1908.

"DEAR SIR,—I am instructed by the Managing Committee to draw your attention to the provisions of this Act, and to ask you as a pensioner of the Committee whether you have applied, or propose to apply, for the amount of weekly pension to be payable by the State on and after January 1st next on the following scale." Then follows the scale of pensions payable under the Act, and the letter proceeds: "The Managing Committee do not desire to disturb your present financial position, but as taxpayers they will undoubtedly have to bear their burden of the State pensions, and therefore it is only reasonable that they should be relieved of their voluntary allowance to such an amount as you will be able as a right to claim from the State. I shall be glad if you will let me have your reply by filling up the enclosed form (A or B) as may be applicable to your case.

"Yours truly,
"C. SHEATH, Secretary."

The enclosed forms are worded as follows:—

A. It is not my intention to apply for the old age pension, as my income, exclusive of the allowance made to me by the Managing Committee, exceeds the maximum mentioned in the schedule of the Act.

B. It is my intention to apply for the old age pension, as my income, exclusive of the allowance made to me by the Managing Committee, does not exceed £ per annum.

It would almost seem that the Railway Companies' Managing Committee have a feeling that their action needs some excuse, but, that apart, it is surely unnecessary to puzzle and confuse the poor old man, probably of scanty education and weakening mental powers, with such a document. Why not simply have asked him what his present means are? One might almost assume that the railway company are seeking to throw the onus of the withdrawal of their allowance on the pensioner.

Despite the repudiation of the alleged communications from the dead F. W. H. Myers by his widow, who has been unable to find in them "anything of the smallest evidential value," their genuineness is believed in by thousands of apparently sane persons. Doubtless the partial endorsement of these grotesque spirit messages by their publication in the Proceedings of that eminently respectable body, the Society for Psychical Research, is responsible for this. Moved to disgust, and feeling that the joke has gone far and long enough, the surviving joint-author of the greatest scientific hoax of the age has decided to break a silence of over a quarter of a century and tell the story of the ingenious spoof which took in some of the most acute intellects of the day, and formed the basis of the belief in telepathy, which is the bed-rock of modern occultism. The articles will begin in an early issue of JOHN BULL, and it is safe to predict that they will strike the most severe blow which the claims and pretensions of psychical research has ever received.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Our Weekly Ballot Scheme for 50 Helpers at One Guinea Each.

For full particulars of the meaning of the number on page i. of our cover, **see page iii. of cover.**

OUR GREAT CHRISTMAS-BOX SCHEME.

For full particulars of this scheme, **see page iii. of cover.**

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

For announcing: "Fielden's Sausages. Made for nearly forty years. Now Ready."
AN ADVERTISER IN *THE ACCRINGTON OBSERVER*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "the supplies of fallen fruit have been so large that much of it has not paid for the cost of PICKING."
THE DAILY CHRONICLE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "many aver that the weather was the roughest ever experienced in crossing, but this is hardly the case, as the wind has occasionally prevented crossing altogether,"
THE WESTERN INDEPENDENT
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that there "gathered a crowd of nearly TWO *hundred men," and that "from the great crowd some* THREE *hundred men were paraded for inspection."*
THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that in America "your tender loin steak treads on the toes of the fish,"
THE DAILY DISPATCH
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For the following announcement: "Springburn School Board.—Conditions—Calm, Light S.E. Winds,"
THE ST. ROLLOX & SPRINGBURN EXPRESS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that the Newport Army and Navy Pensioners Society "now numbers 49 members, with an average service of 23 11-12 years, and an average age of 110 9-12 years,"
THE SOUTH WALES ARGUS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "in one year Mr. Horace Brinsmead took the feather-weight, midde-weight and heavy-weight championships of the National Rifle Association,"
LLOYD'S WEEKLY
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "the red-headed youth, rushing along like a YOUNG MOTOR-CAR, *threw himself at the ball as it fell, and caught it one-handed,"*
THE BOY'S REALM
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "with the barometer at eighty in the shade the breeze from the Atlantic was welcome."
THE ILFRACOMBE GAZETTE & OBSERVER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

WORRIED LOOKS.—V.

MR. GLADSTONE AND THE SUFFRAGETTES.

THE KAISER'S BRAIN TROUBLE

By a German Doctor.

Why do we allow a single individual, whether King or Anarchist, to continue throwing poisoned bombs amongst a peacefully-striving nation? Why should Emperor William alone be at liberty to endanger from his ambush of Imperial dignity the peace of the nations of Europe? He alone is the immediate danger of our times. But let us add at once that we have no right to blame him. This seems a paradox; but if the nations will only understand the real condition of affairs, all danger would at once disappear, although Emperor William may go on making speeches, sending wires, and publishing interviews to his heart's content.

Let us glance at the tragedy of the Emperor's life—just a few scenes not carefully chosen, but taken at random. When still a youngster, Prince William became the admiring disciple of Bismarck in direct opposition to his liberal parents. Naturally, because his admiration was based on the fact that Bismarck preached the doctrine of absolutism. During the lifetime of his Imperial master, Bismarck fully enjoyed the privilege of his doctrine, being the uncrowned monarch himself; but as soon as the aged Emperor died Bismarck fell a victim to his own teachings. Young William II. had imbibed the doctrine of personal government to such an extent that he could not bear any adviser or superior chancellor. The conviction that he was destined to be the direct representative of God, to whom alone he owed responsibility, held him in such a powerful grasp that a divine calling became the very foundation of his faith.

But from the commencement the actions of this extraordinary man were in sore contradiction to divine inspiration. He had always been a very ungrateful and troublesome son—indeed, to such an extent, that his father, who had been condemned by Bismarck to absolute political inactivity, saw no other way to lighten his overflowing heart than by entrusting his sad experiences to the leaves of a carefully-guarded diary. Young William's great desire was to get hold of this awkward document. When Frederick III. had hardly breathed his last, the young Emperor gave command to the Potsdam Hussars to surround the castle of Charlottenberg, where Frederick's body lay still warm on its death-bed. But his orders to search for the precious diary were in vain. Queen Victoria had taken the book to England, where, together with the third volume of Bismarck's memoirs, it is awaiting publication after the death of William II.

Soon afterwards, the young Emperor dismissed in open disgrace his old instructor Bismarck, and tried at once in the face of history to heap on his grandfather (whom he insisted on calling William the Great) all the glory of having created the new German Empire. One extraordinary deed followed the other, and William—always posing in front of the world's stage—was fast acquiring the fame of genius. When addressing the recruits of the Berlin Guards he told them that they were his property, and that they must kill their own fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters if he should command them to do so. When visiting Munich he offended the Bavarians (who are very jealous of their liberties) by writing into the so-called golden book of the Municipality, "There is in Germany room only for one master." He delighted in insulting every class of society: the Princes as well as the "bourgeoisie" and the workmen. He treated the Federal Princes as vassals in such an irritating manner that the hereditary Prince of Bavaria took the opportunity to protest publicly at a dinner given by the Czar at St. Petersburg. He insulted the present Grand Duke of Baden, in spite of the Duke's father having shielded the Emperor many a time. He publicly and repeatedly snubbed the Count Regent of Lippe because the Court of Arbitration had granted to the Count certain rights which the Emperor had claimed for one of his near relatives. He outraged the members of the Press by calling them a set of rogues (Press Bengel). He insulted the Social Democrats by threatening to kill them like pigs. He insulted the artists by daring to lay down entirely new laws of painting, musical composition, sculpture, etc., and by expressing very hostile criticisms of universally-recognised masterpieces. He proclaimed as the principal law of art that an artist must never allow his own individuality to guide him in the creation of his work. He offended the English nation by telegraphing to President Kruger, and lately by asserting that he had submitted the strategical scheme by which the Boers were beaten. He trapped the Boers into a fatal war, and afterwards he insulted them by refusing to receive their delegates. He enraged the Japanese and Chinese by posing as the author of a painting representing the "yellow danger," and giving the Japanese Government the longed-for opportunity to agitate against German interests by circulating thousands of copies broadcast all over the country. He distinguished General Stössel with the very highest Prussian decoration "for valour," but unhappily the same General was shortly afterwards sentenced to death by his own countrymen for what was called by them "cowardice and treason." He surrounded himself with a crowd of almighty irresponsible advisers (Eulenberg and company), who afterwards were proved to have lived a life of most atrocious vice. During the Japanese war he dared to telegraph to the Czar placing "his fleet" at the Czar's disposal. After the Conference of Algeciras he wired to the Austrian representative thanking "his splendid second during the duel," with the result that the unfortunate man who had assisted the German Emperor instead of aiding the purposes of his own country was at once dismissed from service. And now, during the last days, the *enfant terrible* of Europe has published the renowned "interview."

This is the man who has been photographed almost every day of his life, and who rushes through the world from north to south and from east to west whenever he can manage to do so. There was never a man lacking personal courage more than this extraordinary "representative of God." Whenever a member of his family or household falls ill, even in the case of a slight cold, the patient is at once banished from the presence of William. Even the most serious disease of his children has never been an inducement strong enough to bring him to the bed-side of the sufferer. Whenever he has recklessly brought about a crisis he seeks salvation in flight. During the Moltke trial he escaped to England and gained popularity by cutting cakes for school children. And now, when his latest "indiscretion" creates a stir in the whole world he flies to Austria, and from there to Lake Constance in order to shoot some more unfortunate birds and to proclaim Count Zeppelin the greatest German of the twentieth century, forgetting that only eight years of this century have passed, and that the remaining ninety-two may bring forth a man even greater than William II.

This "representative of God," who considers himself the greatest painter, poet, musician and strategist, possesses actually no thorough knowledge whatever. At school he was a trial to his masters. Even now, although fifty-one years of age, he is not able to write a decent German sentence, committing most serious grammatical blunders. During the manœuvres he has succeeded in becoming the laughing-stock of men and officers alike. For years he has not read a single serious book.

The craving for notoriety is his one great thought. His fear that history may pass unfavourable judgment on him, and especially the thought of his father's and Bismarck's threatening diaries, force his impulsive actions. He wants to be a great man, a useful man—nay, the greatest and most useful man of all. He does not consider the fact that his impulsive actions have always caused exactly the opposite result that he had intended, and a mistake which he has made only creates a desire to do something really great next time in order to regain the admiration of the world. The result of his reign of twenty years' standing would be sufficiently sad to make any man with sound brains distrustful of his own abilities, but the Emperor has learned nothing from the past, and he is quite ready to do a great deal more mischief in the future—that is to say, if he can. But it is time that nations should ask themselves the question: "What is the secret of this man's actions?" And they ought to know the answer, which is fully understood among diplomatists and in large circles in Germany. Emperor William offers a rather typical picture of a certain kind of mental disease. He suffers from a malignant inflammation of the middle ear *(Otitis media)* which, in an ever increasing degree, is affecting his brain. In order to be near him, Professor Passow—one of the highest living authorities on this special disease—was called from Heidelberg to settle down in Berlin. The fate of nations may depend on this fact being thoroughly understood by the English. The Kaiser himself complains of being alone amongst a nation of sixty millions. And so indeed he is—a man affected with a progressive mental disease is always alone. But for his present capers the bacilli that attack his brains are alone responsible. British people can hardly understand how much the Germans have already had to suffer on account of their Emperor. Shall they again suffer—shall fresh enmity arise between the British and the Germans on account of the latest folly of this dangerous man who wears the purple? Surely his last act has been too much even for the patience of the long-suffering Germans. The Imperial German Parliament will find means to protect the interests of the people in future, but even if this were not the case, Emperor William has too clearly shown that he is not to be taken any longer seriously. In fact, by his last act he has succeeded in dethroning himself, although he may still continue to wear the much-abused crown of his fathers.

ALDERSHOT SCANDALS.

INSULTING BRITISH SOLDIERS.

NEW BLOOD WANTED ON THE BENCH.

At the Hants Quarter Sessions, on the 21st October, Corporal Steer, of the Army Service Corps, and Private Herbert Bransby Browne, of the Royal Army Medical Corps, both stationed at Aldershot, were charged with being concerned in the theft of 22 cwt. of coal, valued at 19s. 6d., belonging to Rickett, Cockerell and Co.; at Farnborough, on September 22nd, the former for stealing and the latter for receiving.

The case for the prosecution was that Rickett, Cockerell and Co. supplied coals to the Military authorities at Aldershot, the coal being conveyed from trucks at the South-Eastern station at North Camp by the contractor, in carts. Steer was engaged to weigh and check the coal at the Government weigh-bridge, to give the carter a ticket for the same, and direct him where to deliver it.

The prosecution alleged that Steer directed a carman named Gane to deliver the coal at Browne's premises, he being a married man "off the strength." As a matter of fact it was so delivered, but Browne was not there when it was delivered, and he swore that he knew nothing whatever about it having been delivered until the moment he was arrested.

Mr. Concellor, solicitor for Steer, asked the jury not to commit on the uncorroborated statement of Gane that he received instructions from Steer.

Prisoners were found not guilty and acquitted.

Now comes the sequel. Browne has lost his appointment as clerk to the Quartermaster, and Steer has lost his job as coal checker.

But that is not all. From one who was present in Court we have received the following letter:—

To the Editor of JOHN BULL.

SIR,—In the interests of the British public, I wish urgently to call your attention to a most disgraceful outrage perpetrated upon two respectable soldiers, whilst undergoing trial at the Winchester Quarter Sessions this week.

These two soldiers are men of unblemished character, and to the trumped-up cases against them they both pleaded "Not Guilty," and were, without any hesitation on the part of the jury, all honourably acquitted.

Immediately upon their surrendering to their bail, the evening before trial, Wednesday, October 21st, they were unceremoniously stripped of their uniforms, one soldier wearing a medal of our late Queen, having it wrenched from his tunic.

Now, sir, can any indignity be more degrading than this piece of high-handed insult to our Army?

Remember sir, please, that these two honourable men had pleaded "Not Guilty," and were, by twelve jurymen honourably acquitted; yet (by orders, I presume of the War Office) I witnessed their appearance in Court next day in a garb calculated to give anyone the impression that they were convicts from Dartmoor.

There can be no excuse for such treatment, as each soldier, had notice been given him, could have appeared in civilian clothes.

All civilians tried at the same Court, and some were sentenced, were not thus treated, this gross insult being reserved for poor "Tommy Atkins."

"A DISGUSTED-WITNESS."

We have made full enquiries on the spot, and find that not being brought up the first day they were both placed in the prison van and driven to Winchester Gaol. Here they were placed in a common cell and locked up for the night. In the morning they were ordered to strip naked. This they did. Then they were ordered to don a rough shirt and coarse blue suit in place of the uniform. A "Glengary" cap, plentifully bespattered with broad arrows, was then given them for a head covering, and away they were driven to the Sessions House once more in "Black Maria."

The arrest of Steer and Browne seems to have been a serious blunder. From what we have been able to gather, there seems to be not the slightest doubt but that a great many people both in Aldershot and Farnborough have for years past been in the habit of purchasing coal, and meat also, at considerably under cost price. Now it is not to be supposed for a moment that one can buy such goods at less than cost price without such goods are stolen. Whom are they stolen from? The contractors for the soldiers? We doubt it. Contractors are business men, take stock periodically, and would soon find the deficit. The soldiers? Of course. They can be robbed with impunity. Whoever saw a bright fire in the barrack-room grate seven days in the week during the winter months? It is the private soldier who is robbed, and the thieves, including receivers, should be dealt with severely. What are all the Military Police doing in Aldershot? Can't they stop the pilfering? It is high time they did. But let them make sure they get hold of the right persons.

We have before now had to say a word to the Aldershot Bench, and in this connection we read with surprise the following letter from a retired officer, Major-General Bengough. The letter refers to the lenient treatment of Colonel Ley, of "cat" fame:—

SIR,—There is a common though unfortunate tendency to accept the abnormal for the normal type. It is the tendency likely to cause serious errors of judgment.

It may be hoped that the case of undignified loss of temper and the inexcusable acts of cruelty by a commanding officer of an infantry regiment at Aldershot reported at length in your columns, and noticed in other daily papers, may not affect public opinion in its judgment of the officers of the Army.

May I state from some fifty years' experience that the days of Flanders have long since passed, and that courtesy to all ranks is the rule of the Service, and I feel sure that if the Aldershot Bench had been composed of "old soldiers," the officer commanding the North Staffordshire Regiment would not have escaped some material mark of disapproval of his unsoldier-like conduct.

It will be instructive to the gallant General to know that the composition of the Aldershot Bench comprises:

Colonel C. Bruce, General Lampriere, Major H. Pincock-Henzell, Colonel Navell, Colonel Horniblow, Colonel Jessop, Captain J. Masterman, and Admiral H. N. S. Gibson.

For our part, we are inclined to agree with the Aldershot residents that there are far too many "old soldiers" administering "justice," and it is time there was a change: especially when it is the case that when a soldier is charged with a civil offence it not infrequently happens that a letter is received from the man's commanding officer by the magistrates to give it to him "hot." We must keep our eye upon the Aldershot Bench.

THE FIRE (AND FAT) BRIGADE.

A FEW QUESTIONS FOR THE COUNTY COUNCIL.

Apropos our Open Letter last week to Captain Hamilton, of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, we now desire to ask the following questions:—

(1) Is it a fact men after years of work for promotion are put back and sent to outlying stations because they are too fat?

(2) Is it a fact the men are not now allowed to smoke when in uniform; if so, when are they out of uniform?

(3) Has a new order been issued forbidding men to dare to shut their eyes while "on duty," the latter being sometimes 24 hours at a stretch?

(4) How much is allowed to a man by the L.C.C. when he moves his goods from station to station, which occurs, we believe, at least once every three years. Is it only 7s.?

(5) Why are so many Naval pensioners (who could very well retire on their pension) being taken in as first, second, third, fourth, and fifth officers?

A CORKER.

There's some of them there Injuns thinks as 'ow we've lived before—
I mean, as this 'ere life of ourn is only one of more:
Now, I'm a poor old party, nor I ain't no thinkin' gear,
But what I says is—I was once a bloomin' buccaneer.

In course you won't believe it—no! but I 'as dreams and things:
I sees a stoopin' sort of ship a beatin' of her wings;
I sees her, plain as piecrust, go a-floppin' through the seas;
And then it all goes dark, and 'ums like 'ives and 'ives of bees.

And then I'm on a red deck, in a muck of smoke and steel,
And the 'ole lot starts a-blazin', and whirlin' like a wheel—
And that there's all about it, but it turns me thick and queer;
I do believe as I was once a bloomin' buccaneer.

E. H. VISIAK.

THE HOSPITAL BUBBLE.—III.

By Charles Herbert.

I will open this article by a simple statement concerning the warming and lighting of the eight-roomed house of a friend of mine, for I am about to consider the warming and lighting cost of the hospitals. He finds his coal bill comes to £10 per annum, and his gas, including cooking-gas charges, to another £7 10s., making £17 10s. per annum for warming and lighting a single eight-roomed house. But this is the same annual charge as St. Thomas's sets down for every occupied bed, of which it has 475, and on which it spends for these items £8,316 per annum. Is it necessary? Well, just across the water is Charing Cross Hospital, but it does it for £2 17s. per bed less; the Royal Free, Gray's Inn Road, does it for £5 8s. less; and University College does it for £6 4s. less.

On the basis of these facts I suggest the following catechism:—

(Q.) If the 475 beds in St. Thomas's were in Charing Cross instead, how much would be saved on fuel and light?

(A.) £1,358.

(Q.) And if they were in the Royal Free, Gray's Inn Road, instead?

(A.) £2,569.

(Q.) And if they were in the University College, instead?

(A.) £2,949.

Surprising, isn't it? But these alternative hospitals I have mentioned are great sinners themselves. They themselves, and eight others with them, far exceed the average fuel and light charge of the twenty-four hospitals, an average that works out to only £9 6s. per occupied bed. I fearlessly assert that even this is too much—yes, £2 6s. too much per bed—and I do so in the light of the following fact. Eleven London hospitals do it for £7 1s. 6d. per bed. "Small hospitals?" Oh, no! They contain 2,795 beds between them (more than half of the total beds—5,555—in the twenty-four hospitals).

Here, then, is a startling fact: 2,795 occupied beds in eleven hospitals cost for fuel and light only £19,747, and the same number of beds in the other hospitals, less by 35, cost £31,888.

What is the explanation? Some big out-patient department? No. Why, the hospitals with the cheaper charge have 265,868 more out-patients. There can be no reason, except a lack of care, for what half of the circle can do the other half-circle should be able to do. I, therefore, deliberately charge the following hospitals with spending too much on fuel and lighting, and in the following proportions:—

Excess Charges for Fuel and Light.

Based on the average of £7 1s. 6d. charged by eleven London Hospitals for more than half of the total beds under consideration.

Hospital.	Beds	Cost per occupied bed. £ s. d.	Excess per bed. £ s. d.	Total excess £
*St. Thomas	475	17 10 0	10 8 6	4,953
Charing Cross	161	14 13 0	7 11 6	1,219
R. Free, Gray's Inn Rd.	149	12 2 0	5 0 6	748
University College	279	11 6 0	4 4 6	1,178
Brompton (Cancer)	99	11 6 0	4 4 6	418
Middlesex	310	10 18 0	3 16 6	1,185
Great Northern	145	9 14 0	2 12 6	380
St. Mary's	253	9 9 0	2 7 6	600
Westminster	176	9 7 0	2 5 6	400
Brompton (Consumption)	303	8 18 0	1 16 6	552
*St George's	350	8 15 0	1 13 6	586
Evelina	60	8 10 0	1 8 6	85
				£12,304

No marvel that at this rate the chief offender—St. Thomas's—shows an excess in its *total* ordinary expenditure over ordinary income of £11,310. Perhaps it can explain and show some substantial reason why its charge for fuel and lighting should work out at just twice the charge per occupied bed made by St. George's. At any rate, I have established the fact that £12,304 is the excess incurred for fuel and lighting. Add this to the excess already incurred in provisions of £11,912, and we have £24,000 that could easily be saved.

We come now to the expenditure on the nursing item. No one can grudge even an elastic scale of cost here, for careful nursing probably saves quite as many lives as skilled surgery. But seventeen hospitals of the twenty-four under consideration, containing 2,858 occupied beds, do it at a cost of eight guineas per occupied bed per annum for nurses' wages. Considering that this number is more than half by eighty-five beds of the total in these twenty-four hospitals, this rate ought to be a good finger-post to the others as to the proper scale of payment. And taking it at that, I deliberately charge the following hospitals with a large excess in the payment of their nurses' wages:—

Excess Payment for Nurses' Wages.

Based on the average of £8 8s. per occupied bed charged by seventeen London Hospitals for more than half of the total beds under consideration.

Hospital.	Occupied beds.	Cost per occupied bed. £ s. d.	Excess per occupied bed. £ s. d.	Total excess. £
London	790	12 15 2	4 7 2	3,440
St. Bartholomew's	556	12 4 8	3 16 8	2,131
Guy's	520	10 7 11	1 19 11	1,037
St. Thomas's	475	10 5 9	1 17 9	896
Westminster	176	11 4 4	2 16 4	214
Brompton (Cancer)	99	11 0 0	2 12 0	257
London Homœopathic	81	11 15 4	3 7 4	272
				£8,247

We see, then, from this table that the seven London hospitals above mentioned spend £8,247 in excess of the others for payment of nurses for 161 less beds. Does this mean that there are more nurses per bed employed in these seven hospitals? And if so, why? Or that they are paid more highly? And if so, why?

So much for their wages. Now, what about the cost of their board? It varies from £27 per nurse in St. Mary's to about £14 in Middlesex. Sir Henry Burdett suggests that £16 per nurse would be a fair charge, and if so, there would be another £7,100 saved, for the average charge now is £19, and there are 2,367 nurses.

He also suggests that the laundry cost for the nurses should be £5 5s. each per year. If so, their total laundry cost would only be £12,427, instead of, as now, reaching £14,202, thus saving another £1,775 per annum.

On all these grounds, then, viz., the excess in nurses' payments of £8,247, excess in board charges of £7,100, and excess in laundry of £1,775, I estimate an amount that could be saved to these hospitals in cost of nursing of £17,000. This, added to the provisions and fuel and light excess of £24,000, makes £41,000 excess.

The next considerable item of expense is incurred in workers' wages, paid out to an army of domestics, ward servants, cleaners and scrubbers, porters and kitchen assistants. Taking all the twenty-four hospitals, the average amount charged against each occupied bed is £12 14s. 6d., but that average is far too high, for 2,333 beds in thirteen hospitals are worked for an average of £9 2s. Splitting the difference, it would appear that a reasonable rate would be £10, and taking that as the average, I charge the undermentioned hospitals with a large waste:—

Excess Charges on Workers' Salaries.

Of ten London Hospitals, taking the average charge of £10 per bed.

Hospital.	Beds	Cost per bed. £ s. d.	Excess cost. £ s. d.	Total excess. £
London	790	13 14 0	3 14 0	2,923
St. Bartholomew's	556	19 0 0	9 0 0	5,004
St. Thomas's	475	16 7 0	6 7 0	3,016
St. George's	350	15 8 0	5 8 0	1,890
Middlesex	310	14 0 0	4 0 0	1,240
St. Mary's	253	13 12 0	3 12 0	910
King's College	186	14 0 0	4 0 0	744
Westminster	176	13 4 0	3 4 0	563
Great Northern	145	13 6 0	3 6 0	478
London Homœopathic	81	13 4 0	3 4 0	259
				£17,027

It will scarcely be believed that beyond and above the £70,696 spent by the hospitals on their cleaning and domestic staff, that the work is done in such a fashion that another "annual cleaning" is necessary, which absorbs nearly £10,000. Nearly one-half this is chargeable to London, Bart's, Guy's, and St. Thomas's, with their 2,341 beds; while 873 beds more in the other twenty hospitals only cost about the same. Twenty hospitals do their annual cleaning for £1 11s. per bed, but these four cormorants spend 11s. 3d. beyond, or £1,375 excess. Hence, let me point out the total excess on workers' wages and the cleaning bill comes to £18,400. Add this to the excess already proved for provisions £11,912, fuel and light £12,300, nursing £17,000, and we have £59,400 that clearly could have been saved.

(To be continued.)

THE TREATMENT OF NERVOUS DISORDERS.

An Investigation of the Claims of a Modern Method of Treatment.

UNDERTAKEN ON BEHALF OF "JOHN BULL" READERS.

At the close of the year 1908 there is no need of apology for giving space to the discussion of matters concerning nerve troubles. With the concentration of the fresh conflicting and abortive influences on life, with the strenuousness of existence a living menace to the many, it cannot come as a matter of surprise that the medical man is finding his labours gradually absorbed in the solving of the neurasthenic mystery.

There is, of course, the hypochondriacal personage, with his imaginary tortures, ever with us, a ready prey to the wiles of the patent medicine vendor of doubtful honesty; but apart from those who plead "nerves" as a fashionable substitute for laziness, there is growing up around us a group of really nerve-depleted beings, who desire some more rational help than the pill-box or drugs seem able to afford.

The matter is quite a serious one, and even from the layman's point of view must receive consideration. The whole of social structure depends on the finding of a solution to the mystery of the neurasthenic and his special treatment, and we are glad to see that among the "higher" circles in the medical world the fullest attention is being given to the subject.

From the public point of view, there is one aspect of the case that must be carefully considered. Let us consider this. Whilst it will be readily admitted that medical science has made astonishing strides of recent years, nevertheless the treatment of nervous weakness has always proved a stumbling block in ordinary practice. Each case prescribed to the careful physician needs individual treatment, in which the administration of suitable medicaments plays a quite minor part. Violent exercise, open-air and other forms of treatment have amplified the medicine bottle, but the results obtained, according to such reports as are available, have not been astonishingly successful.

The failure of ordinary methods, such as would be adopted by a reputable practitioner, has, of course, opened a road to the vendor of patent medicines; and, of course, the quack. The person who finds his nerve power dwindling and believes that he has lost his chance in established methods, is the first to fly to the cure-all specific that promises him relief; and here, of course, is the real danger. No language can be too strong in condemnation of those who trade upon the weakness of their distressed fellow men in this direction. Not only do they rob them of health, but succeed in seducing from the suffering their very riches.

This matter is one upon which our views must be clearly stated, for the matter has ceased to be one of limited importance, and it is certainly clear that the public should know if there be a definite course for them to take which, on the authority of those into whose hands our health is given, can swiftly be adopted.

An investigation recently undertaken by us has brought to light some really valuable information on the question of neurasthenia, under which title we class, for the moment, all serious nerve disorders, brain fag and mental weariness.

We need not enter deeply into the physiological aspect of the matter, but will set forth in the simplest terms the action of destruction and re-construction of the brain with the object of showing that the question of restoring will power ascends entirely above the medicine and drug question.

Every action of the body is, we may take, controlled or prompted by an idea born in the nerve cells. Every thought, every idea, is an excitation of the mental pabulum. Now no machine can work without wearing, and certainly not the greatest of all machines—the human brain. It is obvious that continued use of nervous energy means continued wear or disappearance into another form. Thus, unless the nerve cells or nerve tissue is re-built, total exhaustion will result.

This brings us to the point, what happens in the case of over mental strain The answer is simply excessive use of nerve tissue, and lack of nerve-repairing elements.

Now under perfect conditions, which certainly do not exist to-day, the body, because of its special processes—metabolism, to use a technical word—would restore to the brain, from food administered, sufficient of the brain-forming substance in food to counteract the waste.

Let us say at once, that among the component parts of food will be found a substance known as Lecithin, the sole duty of which substance is to re-form nerve tissue. Under normal conditions, a normal supply of food would supply enough Lecithin for this purpose. But what happens when continued pressure is brought to bear upon the nerve centre?

Take the case of continued mental effort and heavy nervous strain lasting for some days. Why, the usage of nerve tissue would be considerably above the amount that through the ordinary channels could be supplied. Then, perhaps, it would be said, take more food, or use stimulating medicaments.

In the first case, *i.e.*, the absorbing of extra food, this course is now proved to be impossible, for so many counter evils are set up as to destroy all benefit obtained.

In the second case, we have the highest authority for saying that nerve cells can never utilise medicinal forces as sources of strength.

How, then, are we to provide the brain with more nerve tissue forming matter in a rational way that shall have no evil after effects?

It is claimed, we may now state, that Dr. Hartmann's system of administering Lecithin, by the use of a preparation known as "Antineurasthin," is both thoroughly reliable and perfectly efficient. We have taken some trouble to put this statement to the test, with the following results.

Firstly, let us explain what "Antineurasthin" really is. For this purpose it will, perhaps, be best for us to accept the exhaustive report prepared by Dr. Lascelles Scott, who is one of our most prominent modern scientists. In reference to "Antineurasthin," he says:—

"I have chemically and microscopically analysed, and have otherwise examined the preparation entitled 'Antineurasthin,' introduced and supplied by the Antineurasthin Company, of 10, Eastcheap, London, E.C.

"Samples for analysis were obtained, not from the company direct, but also, without their cognisance, from retail establishments in London, Liverpool, Edinburgh, Brighton and Wolverhampton. The several samples were found to be alike in all respects.

"'Antineurasthin,' is presented in the form of circular tablets about .82 inches. in diameter, and .22 inches thick, weighing, upon an average, 32 grains nearly (equal to 31.72 grains) each. These are of a light buff colour, and possess but little taste beyond a slight vanilla flavour, which renders them very palatable. They masticate readily, breaking up in the mouth with very little effort, and digesting so rapidly that I find that their beneficial effects upon the cardiac functions, and the circulation, are manifested within two hours afterwards—frequently, indeed, in a quarter of that period.

"Nevertheless, 'Antineurasthin' is not a stimulant, in the ordinary sense of the word, and still less can it be considered a medicine or a 'drug,' since it contains none: it is simply a nutritive compound—a blood and nerve food of a highly concentrated kind which is rapidly assimilable, and

which (through the medium of the Leucocytes or white corpuscles of the blood) supplies the nerves and nerve-tissues with precisely those phosphor-principles they need for their continuous building-up, or repair.

As my experiments with this remarkable preparation—which have now extended over several weeks—have conclusively proved, it matters little how 'Antineurasthin' is introduced into the system. It produces its effects all the same, sooner or later, by whatever road it has arrived there.

"My analysis of 'Antineurasthin' gives the following as its constituents:—

Lecithin	9·694 per cent.
Other Proteids, or Nitrogenous matter..	11·484 ,,
Fatty matter	14·543 ,,
Starch and other Carbo-Hydrates ..	57·698 ,,
Mineral matter (including Phosphates)..	2·582 ,,
Water (Hygroscopic moisture) and loss	3·999 ,,

"Containing nearly 10 per cent. of chemically pure Lecithin, derived from natural sources, and in its most active condition—a proportion distinctly larger than that in which it is present in the grey matter of the most vigorous human brain—'Antineurasthin' is well calculated, when more widely known, to exert no small influence in reducing the death-rate, in the immediate future, especially amongst delicate females and weakly children. Even the most robust amongst us suffer at times from the effects of physical over-exertion, or mental stress, their blood-corspuscles become debilitated, are unable to extract the Lecithin which is needed from our ordinary food, even if it were present therein in sufficient quantity and in an assimilable form. Hence the nerve ganglions are starved, and a whole host of nervous ailments crop up, which neither stimulants nor drugs of any sort are capable of alleviating, except in a mere superficial and temporary manner."

An important point in this report is the reference to the fact that "Antineurasthin" is not a drug. This point is further emphasised by the fact that, although the Inland Revenue was doubtful on the point and brought an action against the Antineurasthin Company, they were beaten—the summons being dismissed.

It is claimed that "Antineurasthin" is a food—a nerve food—and this is a point that has been emphatically proved. To the neurasthenic drug-taker, this is an important point, for it offers him solace in a new and certainly more hopeful direction.

Our investigations have proved that a number of medical men in this and other countries have given "Antineurasthin" a full trial, and have spoken highly of its success. One remarkable document from a physician of high standing states that he intends to introduce the new brain food throughout his practice.

The question of medical support is quite a serious one, and it must be a source of great pleasure to the company to think that so many members of this most conservative profession have come forward to lend their moral assistance and practical recommendation to their wonderful product.

We have yet one more point to deal with before issuing the verdict, and this last point is the most important of all. The Antineurasthin Company have carried on an extensive business and naturally have supplied directly to sufferers a plentiful supply of their preparation. What do the actual users of "Antineurasthin" say as to its beneficial results? We have had the fullest opportunity of examining letters—we believe entirely unsolicited—from users, which letters are of an extremely eulogistic character. One most remarkable feature is that in a great number of cases the one-time neurasthenic have had restored to them mental colour and bodily help within the space of a week or so. We do not wish to confine our statement to any definite period, but certainly the rapidity of the recoveries astonished us. The endorsement of those who have tested in their own cases the value of "Antineurasthin" is the final seal of success, and we congratulate the company, not merely on their personal success, but on the fact that they have given to those who have had every cause to despond a pleasant hope. We insert here three of the many testimonials on which the investigation was founded:—

Highbury, N.
October 6th.

Dear Sirs,—Am enclosing 16s. for four more boxes of "Antineurasthin." I have now been using it for five weeks, and am very grateful for having been introduced to your valuable remedy.

My brain, which confused and depressed me, is now quite clear again, and instantly responds to all the calls made upon it.—Yours gratefully,

C. Chappell.

"Kentish Observer" Office," Canterbury,
September 28th.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me another 4s. 6d. supply of "Antineurasthin." They are doing wonders for me. I will write fully on my case later on.—Yours truly,

E. H. Elvy.

Middlewich, Cheshire,
March 31st, 1908.

To The Antineurasthin Co.

I am writing you concerning my husband, who has been taking Dr. Hartmann's Brain and Nerve Food. A very kind lady friend, Mrs. Boylance Court, of the Manor House, had sent to you for the first two boxes, and then another lady visitor in our parish, Miss Bebbington, sent for some, and I am so thankful to say they have done him a very great deal of good. He was simply racked with his nerves, and could get no rest day or night, and now he can rest well, and get up in the morning quite refreshed; and he has been ill 16 years, and been under more than a dozen doctors, and at last they gave him up as incurable, and we thought there was nothing but the asylum or death before him. He never spoke to us, only now and again, and his poor head was full of silly things; everything he did he had to do it a dozen times over, or he thought he was sure to commit suicide. I really couldn't tell you what we have had to do with him. He couldn't do anything, and now he can go about a little, and he has left off all his silly tricks, and he seems brighter and stronger; in fact, his brain seems stronger and better altogether. I think if he could have a few more boxes it would quite cure him; I saw a great improvement after the first dose. He is only a poor working-man, and he has done no work at all for the last six years, so I have had a very hard time of it. I feel very anxious for him to continue with your treatment, but I don't like to ask my kind friends for more. Could you kindly let me know if you could reduce them to me, and what is the lowest possible price you could supply them, as I will try and send for some. I am sure you will not lose by it, as, if he gets cured, it will be a wonderful advertisement for you, and I am sure I shall be everlastingly grateful to you. Please write by return, and oblige

Yours truly,

Mrs. Lomas.

It is claimed for "Antineurasthin" that by introducing to the body actual brain food, the nervous centres become invigorated, and the mind is able to throw off its old lethargy. This claim is entirely substantiated, and we are happy to make this statement because "Antineurasthin" seems to have knocked one more nail in the coffin of the drug maniacs.

There is no question that continual drugging, in public and in secret, is a great menace to our mental welfare as a nation. There are some people that should be restrained for their own good, and the drug maniac is one.

What better advice can one give than this, "feed the brain when it is ailing?" It is senseless to drown its silent cries, made manifest in pain exhaustion, by endless drugging. Feed the hungry brain as you would a starving child, and surely you will build it up in perfect strength.

We have satisfied ourselves that "Antineurasthin" does give relief, and offers a means of a permanent cure in cases of nervous weakness, depression, melancholia, brain fag, general lassitude, neuralgia, insomnia, etc. It is a pleasant food preparation that may be taken with impunity by all. We hope the publishing of this investigation will lead those readers of John Bull who are neurasthenic to investigate the matter for themselves. We understand the company are willing to specially advise those in doubt as to what course to pursue, and will be pleased to forward free trial supplies on application to the Secretary, 41, Botolph House, Eastcheap, E.C. Two penny stamps should be enclosed as a matter of courtesy to cover postage.

Although we have laid especial emphasis on the fact that "Antineurasthin" proves beneficial in cases of nervous disorders, it also has wonderful effect in cases not immediately traceable to nervous origin.

We shall close this investigation by giving in full a few more out of the great selection of eloquent letters of high appreciation received by the company:—

Radnor Place, W.

Gentlemen,—I shall be pleased if you will kindly send me another box of your "Antineurasthin," as, after taking the one box, I am a different man, as I can eat breakfast now, a thing I have not done for about two years. You can publish this if you like.

F. A. T.

Winlaton,
Blaydon-on-Tyne.

Dear Sirs,—I am just sending you these few lines to say that I got my tablets all safe, and I feel a new man already. In fact, the sample made a slight improvement, but since Saturday last, when I first started your treatment, I am just as good after my day's work is done, as I was, up till last week, many a time before I started. In fact, to make it simple and plain, I am a new being, and all through your valuable treatment, which is worth all the money I have spent this last 18 months, trying first one thing and then another; and just think of it, a sample did me more good than all the other remedies that I have tried, for building up the system.

F. B.

Westbourne Park.

Sirs,—My eyes are wonderfully better, and I rarely have that nerve palpitation which nearly blinded me. I find the tablets a great tonic to the heart, and whenever I go out sight-seeing, I take one or two, as it relieves the pressure round the heart, suffocation, in fact, I had when surrounded by people or close rooms.

Miss G. R.

Leighton Buzzard.

Dear Sirs,—I am pleased to say that I am very much better, and one thing I am very pleased about is that the drawn feeling of the scalp seems to be quite gone and I think that one more box will put me right.

Miss E. K.

Lowestoft.

Dear Sirs,—They are nothing short of miraculous.

J. R.

FELINE SUFFRAGETTES.

ANOTHER WAR OFFICE COMEDY.

Three weeks ago the War Office cat died. The creature was known to every officer in the Army, and one or two Territorials cherished tender feelings toward it in their toe-caps. There is tremendous excitement among the cats of the neighbourhood as to the occupancy of the post of honour thus rendered vacant. Several hardy old Toms have been nominated, and each states that he fears no opposition. There is every prospect of an exciting election. The situation has been aggravated by the feminine members of the community. They hold strong views on the question of voting, and strenuous efforts are progressing to secure enfranchisement before the vacancy is filled by some brass-throated Tom. One tabby forced her way into the War Office last week and managed to mi-a-ou "Votes for Women" before she was bombarded with Blue Books and empty gingerbeer bottles. She departed in haste and organised a mass meeting in the roof-gardens. That night thousands of cats gathered. The domestic skewer was forsaken, and every cat residing within ten miles wended her way to the meeting. Feeling ran high. Passing Toms were brutally seized and forced to mi-a-ou their sympathies with the movement. The leaders stick at nothing. For the delights of airing their opinions in the small hours of the morning they allow no household duties to bar the way, and an amnesty has been declared with the mice of London. Public opinion is divided. Our office cat interviewed one of the feline species yesterday, and she was so indifferent that she would not stop nursing her babies and watching her eldest lap his milk. "They want six kittens each to look after and they'd have no time for votes," she mewed, plaintively, and our cat agreed with her. On the other hand an exciting five minutes ensued when our carroty interviewer called on the Customs cat to ascertain his opinion. He clawed up his bed, exhibited his fangs and nails, mewed rude remarks, denounced the movement in violent language and finally sailed through the window, carrying several choice geraniums in his train, swearing at a rate well above the speed-limit. A deputation is to wait on the Prime Minister to-morrow to see whether anything can be done to forward the claims of the lady cats, and, should he refuse assistance, a body of ten thousand will gather on the roof of the House of Commons and create such a noise that none of the Labour members will be able to have forty winks and no speeches will be heard. A mass meeting is to be held in Hyde Park on Sunday next to assert the claims of the feline Suffragettes, and extra detachments of cats'-meat boys will be there to preserve order. After the meeting the leaders will drive to 10, Downing Street, where they will be regaled with baked mice and cats'-meat.

TRADE NOTE.

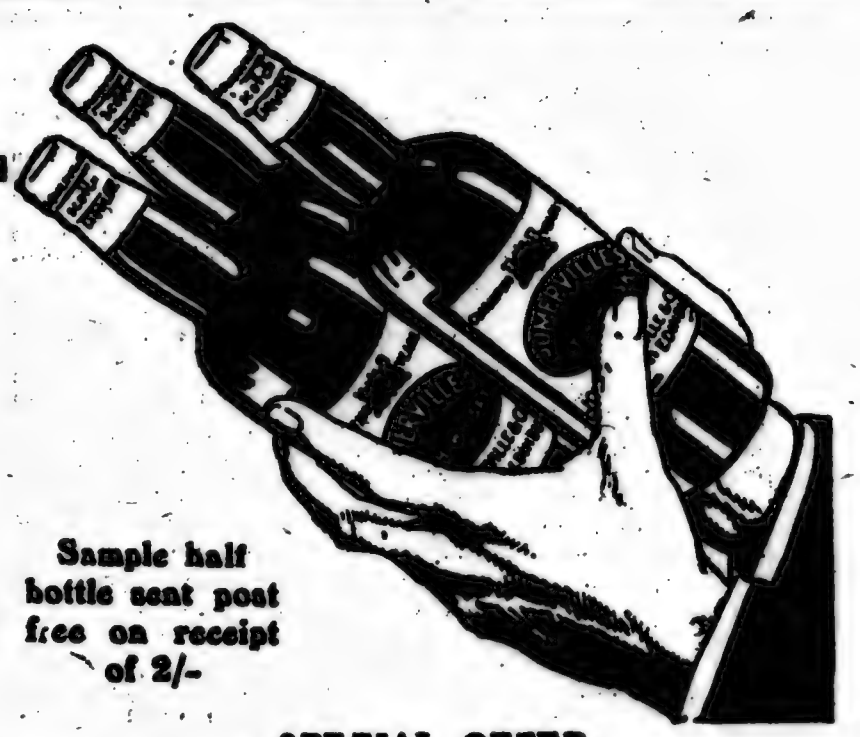
Those who travel much know to their cost how astonishingly rare it is to get good tea, even in the best-appointed of private homes. That this is so is largely due to the fact that tea-makers forget that while the tea-leaves are, of course, responsible for the comforting brew, they are, at the same time, responsible for its ruin if allowed to stew in their own juice too long. We have just come across a new tea-pot called the "Colander," which seems to make careful tea-making a certainty, for one merely presses a button by the handle when the tea is drawn, and the deed is done. The secret is that the tea-leaves are contained in a small metal tray, which that slight pressure on the button draws up out of the water. This eminently practical tea-pot is both simple and convenient, and can be obtained in copper and electro-plate at exceedingly moderate prices. It would seem to be an ideal Christmas gift. Further particulars can be obtained from Messrs. W. A. S. Benson, 82, New Bond Street, W.

What is Your Number?

See page iii of cover.

3 bottles finest 10 years old Scotch Whisky 11/-

POST FREE.



6 Bottles 21/6 12 Bottles 42/-

Carriage paid to nearest railway station.

Here is an opportunity to obtain the very finest Scotch Whisky at wholesale trade price. Its quality is most exceptional—it is thoroughly matured and is very mellow. At retail it would cost at least 5/- per bottle. Please note that we, as the producers, absolutely guarantee the age and quality.

For the convenience of CONTINENTAL and COLONIAL purchasers, the price of this whisky in bond (f.o.b. United Kingdom ports) is 25/- per one-dozen bottles, cash with order.

JOHN SOMERVILLE & Co., Ltd.,
Distillers, Craigmillar, Edinburgh.

ESTABLISHED 1826.

Sample half bottle sent post free on receipt of 2/-

SPECIAL OFFER ORDER FORM.

To Messrs. John Somerville & Co., Ltd.,
Distillers, Craigmillar, Edinburgh.

I enclose remittance value.....for which please send me ..... bots. of your Specially Selected Fully Guaranteed Ten Years Old Scotch Whisky, as per your offer. It is understood that after trying it, I am at liberty to return the remainder to you, and you will refund my remittance in full.

J. B., 21/11/08.

Name.....

Full Address .....

AMONG THE LAWYERS.

MR. JUSTICE RIDLEY AGAIN.

On Monday week a case which was an action for damages for personal injuries sustained by the plaintiffs while performing at the Surrey Theatre, came on for hearing before Mr. Justice Ridley and a special jury. The plaintiffs were two young ladies—music hall artists—and they brought the action against the defendants for injuries which they suffered owing to the way in which the curtain was let down upon them at the close of one of the acts. It was admitted that the injuries sustained by one of the plaintiffs, Miss Edith Mary Atkinson, were very serious. Although the accident happened in October, 1905, she is still lying on her couch, and the doctors say that she will be a cripple for life. It was a case which, it might be supposed, would excite the sympathy of judge and jury. We give below a letter we have received which speaks for itself :—

> No one is prouder than myself of our judges, and I have seen a lot of them. Well, I happened to be in the Law Courts on Monday, and, having half an hour to spare, looked in at Justice Ridley's Court trying the Sisters Primrose case for compensation for injury.
>
> I know nothing of the case or the people beyond what I then heard, but anyone, such as the doctors in the case, or the witnesses or jury, will, I am sure, agree that the judge was most prejudiced and even rude to the girls' witnesses.
>
> He snubbed the doctors badly, and said neurasthenia "meant nothing."
>
> I now see that the jury have given a verdict of £700 to the girls, and the judge says it ought to be for defendants.

LEGAL ANSWERS.

We shall be pleased to answer any questions relating to claims for Old Age Pensions, and to advise readers how to overcome any difficulties which may be placed in the way of making or maintaining their claims.

Imprisonment for Debt.—F. C. J. S. (Liverpool).—No person can now be imprisoned for debt unless it can be shown to the Court that he has the means to pay and will not do so, except for rates and taxes.

Will.—Canadian (Jarrow).—You have no right to inspect the will, but, if you think that there is anything wrong, you should apply for letters of administration if the will has not been proved, and claim to have the will annexed. The Court will then require it to be brought in.

Accounts.—X. Y. Z. (Aberdare).—B seems to have no right to go into the question of accounts as between A and yourself at all, and he cannot go into your account with himself beyond six years.

Property Distribution.—Clarendon (Newcastle).—The rights of the sons' widows depend on the terms of the will, and, if they are not mentioned and if the money all goes to their children in trust, the widows would be entitled to apply to the Court for an allowance in respect of the upbringing of the children.

Radius Agreement.—Marglay (Burmese).—The clause seems to us to be valid, and we don't see what can be done to set it aside.

Patents.—H. D. P. (Brighton).—You can get provisional protection of an invention for six months for £1, and full patent for £3 more; and the patent can then be kept alive by subsequent annual payments. You can get full particulars gratis on application to his Majesty's Patent Office, Southampton Buildings, London, W.C. The rules will show you how to proceed. If the matter is at all complicated, you would probably find it desirable to employ a patent agent to draw up the specification.

H. H. A. P. (Holloway).—Your query does not comply with our rules, as it is closely written on both sides of the paper, and is hardly legible.

Income Tax.—Julius (London).—Arrears of tax can be recovered for seven years.

Moneylenders.—F. G. F. (East Ham).—Every person carrying on the business of money lending must be registered. All particulars can be obtained of the local Excise Officer.

Company Articles.—A. S. (Walsall).—There is no way by which you can claim a copy of the Articles of Association of a limited liability company without attending the registered offices of the company.

Wages.—H. McM. (Glasgow).—As the employer dismissed your daughter, he is bound to pay her wages to date and a week in lieu of notice. If he makes a charge against her, you would have to face it.

Administration.—Innocent (Bilston).—If your father left no will, you, as the next of kin, should take out letters of administration, which will cost you practically nothing, by applying to the local District Registry. If you do not know the address, write to the Probate Office, Somerset House, London, and ask for the name and address of the local official. When you become administrator you can apply to the aunt for the furniture and other property, and if she will not deliver it you can take proceedings against her.

Income Tax.—Wimbledonian.—There must be some mistake in the assessment to income tax, as all that you ought to pay is the tax on the income from the shares. You should appeal to Somerset House, stating the facts, and ask for relief.

P.O. Savings Bank Accounts.—J. A. (Camden Town), Confidential (Victoria Park), and W. Clark.—The enactment which prohibits a person from having more than one Savings Bank account does not apply to ordinary accounts with bankers or to building or other provident societies.

Receipt.—Accounts (London).—The police were not bound to give a receipt, but so soon as they handed the money to the collector it was his duty to send a receipt to you. If you do not get such a receipt, you should complain to the overseers.

Value of Licence.—Rennag (Islington).—The licence will be valued on an estimate of its value for sale in the market, and not on a single years' value.

Ownership of Land.—Land (London).—If you fence the land in and take possession of it and hold it without paying rent to anyone for 12 years, you will acquire what is known as a squatter's title, and no one could oust you but the real owner. You would be liable to him for the rent value of the land.

Compensation for Injury.—J. G. S. (Bangor).—We cannot recommend a solicitor for this business, but if you consult any local solicitor he would be able to look into the matter and take the advice of counsel, such, for instance, of Mr. C. Addington Willis, who is the author of the best book on the Workmen's Compensation Acts.

Death Duty.—W. J. B. (Sheffield).—The widow will only have to pay on the actual value of the estate, and the mortgage will be deducted.

Money Lent.—W. B. B. (Birmingham).—You should bring a County Court action. You are entitled to recover the unpaid balance.

Hire Purchase Agreements.—Persona Grata (Chester).—You cannot prevent inquiries being made unless you embody a clause in the agreement prohibiting the firm from making them. Non-payment of an instalment would entitle the firm to claim the furniture or the balance of the money or both, and unless there is a stipulation as to non-payment during sickness, you could only rely on the clemency of the firm.

Property of Deceased Person.—M. M. W. (Treorchy).—The brother should prove the will and claim the money from the father, as the funeral expenses are a first charge on what the woman left. The father, having paid the premiums, has a charge on the policy which he would be entitled to set off, but if he had an insurable interest in the deceased he might possibly be entitled to the whole of the proceeds. His right to the policy may be absolute, and in that case the brother could not recover anything.

Distress.—Doubtful (Brighton).—The goods can be followed anywhere, and neither a bill of sale nor a hire agreement will protect them. The person who gets in first has precedence, and the others cannot take what he has already taken, but they may take any surplus. A King's Taxes warrant does not oust a distress or execution.

Mortgage.—J. A. C. (Cadoxton).—We should advise you not to get the matter into the hands of any money-lending or building societies, or you would lose the lot. Your only course is to arrange it privately with the two mortgagees. If the property will sell for enough to pay off both mortgages, you should put it into the hands of some respectable house agent.

Copy of Will.—Woodside (Norwood).—You should inquire at Somerset House, and when you have found the will, you are entitled to order and receive a copy on payment of the usual fee therefor.

Dilapidations.—James (Eastbourne).—Unless you are entitled under the lease to security, you cannot safeguard yourself, and must take the risk at the end of the tenancy.

OLD AGE PENSIONS.

Cornubrian (Truro).—The lady should state that she has no income at all, and that she lives with you, and she should put the value of that at less than £31 a year. She should sign the form with her mark at the post office and get the postmaster to witness it. If you have no other evidence, the marriage certificate would prove the age.

Infirm (London).—You say that the London Pension Committee have decided that where a man has an income of more than £31 10s. a year and his wife has nothing, both, if over 70 years of age, can claim full pensions of 5s. provided that the man's income when so divided gives both less than £35 a year. In our opinion this view is not correct, and we think if the case comes before the Local Government Board they will decide that where a man has more than £31 10s. a year he cannot claim any pension at all, but his wife can do so if she has nothing more to state as her income than "half of her husband's." The Act is, to our mind, clear on this point, as it does not say that the husband's income shall be divided between himself and his wife, but merely that the income of neither of them shall be taken at less than half the total incomes of both.

A. P. W. (Birmingham).—The payment which the father receives is in the nature of repayment of capital, and is not "income." The father must state his income as the value of whatever lodging he has free and the interest on the money value of the property that he transferred to his son. If he consumes the money as it is paid to him, he is destroying his capital, and that is not income.

Marshalsea (Eastbourne).—If the mother has no means, and relies only on gifts from relatives, she must state the value of these gifts so far as they are for her own personal use, and must also state the value of her board and lodging if given to her by the son. If her share of the gifts and the lodging is less than £31 a year, she can claim the full pension, and if it is above that and is less than £31 10s. a year, she can claim according to the scale.

Constant Reader (Riding Hill).—If the man is not in possession of more than £31 10s. a year income he can apply to the Post Office for a form and make a claim for a pension after the 4th of January next, that is, four months before his 70th birthday, which occurs on 4th May, 1909. If he is qualified for a pension he will get it as from the Friday following the 4th May, and he need not wait till 1910.

Alpha (Spilsby).—You must fill in the form with the net annual value of the property and of the produce as nearly as it can be got at. There is no need to get a valuer. If everything belongs to the man, he must state the total income as his. If it exceeds £31 10s. he cannot get any pension, but, if half of his income is apportioned to the wife, she will get a pension on whatever scale is applicable. Let the total earnings of the couple be estimated as nearly as possible. In future queries write only on one side of paper.

HUMAN DOCUMENT.—XXVI.

The following is from F. Weston, of 26, St. Leonard's Road, Mortlake :—

> I feel a natural diffidence in troubling you, but as I notice you take some thought for human derelicts, and as I am afraid I am becoming one of that unfortunate tribe, I will shortly state my case.
>
> I am fifty-five, alone in the world, and have partly lost use of my legs, but under treatment hope for cure.
>
> I could undertake clerical work that did not require standing, and would be satisfied with a very modest wage. I have a great horror of that Tomb for Hope, the Workhouse; so perhaps amongst the countless readers of John Bull there may be one who could utilize my humble services in some capacity.

The London Shoe Company and Its Employees.—A correspondent complains of the treatment by this company of its employees. It appears there is a system of fines for any errors, however trivial, and only a week or so ago a lady engaged in the "Country Order" department, at the princely salary of 10s. 6d. per week, was dismissed for refusing to pay a fine of 2s. for having made a clerical error. Fines are also inflicted on employees at the rate of 3s. per hour, or 3d. for every five minutes, for being late at the office. We are given to understand that it used to be the practice of the company to give receipts for all fines paid, but that this has been discontinued since, under threats of legal proceedings, some fines were returned to an ex-employee. We shall be glad to hear the other side of the matter.

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Mr. Gould has received material assistance in his work from many zealous Masons. Amongst others:

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Mr. DAVID MURRAY LYON, Grand Secretary of Scotland (Historiographer of the "Mother Lodge Kilwinning," the "Lodge of Edinburgh," etc.).

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Two Opinions.

The Right Hon. Thomas F. Halsey (Deputy Grand Master):

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AMONG THE BOOKS.

By Herbert Vivian.

"**The Harp of Life,**" by Alan St. Aubyn (White: 6s.), is made up of sickly gush, mostly located at Cambridge. One of this writer's books is almost the exact counterpart of another. The harp of life must be played more cheerfully than this.

"**The Virgin in Judgment,**" by Eden Phillpotts (Cassell: 6s.), is very early-Victorian. It contains some good descriptions of places and rustic characters, but is, on the whole, long-winded and dull.

"**Backwards and Forwards,**" by Summer Spring (Glaisher: 3s. 6d. net), is quite an amusing anticipation of the Socialistic life in the year 2113. Everybody has a number; there are inspectors of prayers and public examinations on the contents of elevating books by pious lady writers. The book appears to have been written a long time ago, but is well worth perusal at a time when Socialism is poisoning the air.

"**The Story of Esther,**" by Maud Oxenden (Blackwood: 6s.), shows considerable cleverness in depicting complex characters. The indiscretions of children are also amusingly revealed, and the following passage has almost a touch of philosophy:—

> There was a clerk once I read about in an old queer French book, and they wanted him to give up his girl and save his soul; and he damned their eyes and told them he did not care about saving his soul, only about the girl; and if he lost heaven because of her, he was glad too, for in heaven were the halt and the maimed, and the blind and the ugly, and the virtuous and the sorrowful, and the priests and the saintly—none of these were right company for him, he said. But he would go with his girl to hell, where all the jolly merry roystering company would be—those who laughed loudest, and the good talkers, and the wits, and the beautiful, and the sinful, and the erring, and the over-fond, and they would have a far better time down there suffering the tortures of the damned than with an anæmic, psalm-singing crew in heaven.

But, in spite of occasional excellences, I found myself quite unable to read more than a quarter of the book or to take any interest whatever in the destiny of the characters. One of them, who happens to be the son of a peer, is always alluded to as "the Honourable." Thus: "The Honourable came to Willows Wych the night before the funeral." This is even worse than the aberration of authors who persist in writing about "the Baronet."

"**Biography for Beginners,**" by E. Clerihew (Laurie: 2s. 6d.), is evidently intended to be funny, but does not contain the material for one smile. Remarkably stupid scrawls illustrate imbecile jingles like this:

> What I like about Clive
> Is that he is no longer alive.
> There is a great deal to be said
> For being dead.

"**Kitty Langdon's Girlhood,**" by Jessie Armstrong (Jarrold: 3s. 6d.), is a pleasant, old-fashioned story, evidently intended for the young person. Kitty eventually becomes "the vicar's beloved and loving wife."

"**Miss Esperance and Mr. Wycherly,**" by L. Allen Harker (Murray: 6s.), is written with distinction by a person of culture, and may appeal to readers who are weary of the sensations and alarums of ordinary modern fiction.

"**Crossrigga,**" by Mary and Jane Findlater (Smith, Elder: 6s.), is not at all exciting, but is charmingly written and faithfully reproduces the atmosphere of village life. We are introduced to the usual good daughter who sacrifices herself for the sake of her family. In the end she has her reward, for a fortune is left her by a cantankerous old aunt.

"**The Adventurer,**" by Lloyd Osbourne (Heinemann: 6s.), is rather far-fetched, but occasionally quite exciting, particularly at the outset. As a test of character it is quite a good idea to give a pauper a £100 note, and tell him that he will be engaged if he brings it back intact after the lapse of a few days. The idea of setting out in a land-ship in search of the treasure of the Incas is not so good, but even then, there are are some thrilling moments.

Ernest Oldmeadow has a distinguished style, but his "**Aunt Maud**" (Richards: 6s.), is silly and long-winded. The commonplace young woman whose medallion appears on the cover may serve as a sufficient warning to intending purchasers.

"**The Moth and the Flame,**" by Alice Maud Meadows (Milne: 6s.), who may perhaps be the Aunt Maud in question, is another dull book on ordinary lines. It has no particular plot and no originality or distinction of style to make up for a poor tale. The publisher informs us in an advertisement at the end that "once taken up it is doubtful if the reader will be able to lay it down until the whole story has been read." I found no such difficulty.

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SHE. How's that?
HE. My Doctor says they are HARMLESS on account of their ABSOLUTE PURITY.

YOUTH.

By Jim Crow.

[We desire it to be distinctly understood that we do not identify ourselves with Mr. Crow's views on this or any other question.]

Having alienated my elders and inferiors irretrievably, I now propose to give the young ones a turn. On the whole, I am inclined to prefer even the snuffiest and most senile dotards to arrogant and immature youths. Looking around and noticing a certain amount of flash progress, for which older persons are primarily responsible, the callow ones claim all the credit for it, and fondly imagine themselves to be the living embodiments of everything new and useful and convenient.

Supercilious Students.

Anyone who has had the misfortune to share the society of undergraduates will have realised the flippancy, the pertness, the intolerable assurance with which they approach the most insoluble problems. Every one of them possesses a cut and dried plan for the introduction of the golden age. Hear him criticise his pastors and masters, and you will begin to wonder that one small brain can contain all he imagines himself to know. Follow him into his home, and observe the irreverent way in which he puts his parents in their place and teaches his grandmother the most effective manner of deriving nutriment from the produce of the farmyard.

Boyish Oracles.

Note his attitude when he joins the profession from which he hopes to derive a living. Your junior devil is always the severest critic of judges and counsel learned in the law. Your fire-eating subaltern has no patience with famous generals, and dismisses them airily as old women unworthy of smelling powder. To hear him talk you would imagine that he was a heaven-born statesman, general, judge, philanthropist, all rolled into one.

The Age of Indiscretion.

I have never quite understood why practically every nation has arbitrarily fixed the age of twenty-one as the period of maturity. Some wonderful beings, of course, like William Pitt and Winston Churchill, are born wise, and give evidence of genius and administrative capacity at the age when an average child is struggling hopelessly with the rule of three. But in most cases it is absurd to assume that a boy has grown up before he is thirty, or even forty. Some people, like Arthur Balfour and the majority of the members of his Government, never grow up at all. The mere fact that they have misspent twenty-one years is no reason why they should be accorded an opportunity of disarranging the lives and habits of other people.

The Absurdity of the Young.

Immature persons have no sense of proportion. It seems almost impossible to prevent them from giving way to the most grotesque exaggerations. They wear the loudest and most outrageous clothes, they smoke the biggest and most poisonous cigars, they consume inordinate quantities of the rawest liquor. They indulge in all sorts of repulsive habits merely because they imagine that they are affording evidence of manliness.

Dull Dogs.

The poverty of their minds is strikingly illustrated by the nakedness of their vocabulary. Even after the most expensive education, they often remain incapable of understanding words of more than two syllables, and, for the exchange of ideas among themselves, they are restricted to the use of silly and monotonous slang. Indeed, the words at their command scarcely exceed "jolly," "ripping," "rotten," "stinking," and "top-hole." They have no sense of humour, but are always ready to giggle without provocation. When they see or hear anything unusual they indulge in the loud laugh which proclaims their vacant minds. They are bored with anything serious or useful.

Miserable Manners.

It is very rare indeed to find young persons with any manners at all. Either they are self-opinionated, blustering bullies, who shout everybody down and impose their crude thoughts in contempt of greater experience, or else they go to the opposite extreme and cringe like people who are always expecting to be whipped. I have always hated dogs who grovelled and fawned, and made unnecessary demonstrations of excessive friendships on a short acquaintance. But human dogs, afflicted with this vice or disease, are even less tolerable.

The Other Sex.

Let me hasten to add that, for the purposes of this article, the word youth does not embrace the female sex. There is a strange law of nature which permits girls to grow up much more quickly than boys. They have also a natural instinct of courtesy, they combine dignity with a desire to please; in a word, they are infinitely more human.

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OPEN LETTERS, POST-CARDS, AND TELEGRAMS.

To the County Magistrates, Grimsby.

Gentlemen,—There are moments when I am driven to assume that many of the unpaid magistracy of England have little heart and less brain, and this is one of them. Permit me to remind your worships of a case which engaged your attention the other day. A Leicester agricultural labourer had tramped the weary, heart-breaking journey from town to town in unavailing search for work. He eventually reached Grimsby, there hoping to find employment on a trawler. Foodless, homeless, without a friend in the world to care whither he went and what became of him, he lay down to rest his exhausted body under a railway wagon, where a policeman found him asleep, and brought him before your worships for judgment. There was nothing against him except this one thing, that in his destitution and his homelessness he had made a hard bed under the wagon in the bitter cold of a November night. But how should this appeal to you? *You* have never been hungry. *You* have never been destitute. *You* have never had to sleep beneath the stars. So you sentenced him to one month's hard labour. Yet, my friends, there is not much difference, after all, between yourselves and that Leicester labourer. But a little turn of fortune, and you, too, might be glad to creep for sleep and shelter under a wagon.

I wish you could have been with me a few nights ago, when from one o'clock until three o'clock in the morning I was moving among an army of 1,200 human derelicts—homeless, hungry, starving. Some of them could hardly drag their feet along the pavement. Others were lame with much tramping. Others again were so weak, or ill, or exhausted with want that they could not speak above a whisper. And here they were, an army of human creatures with human souls, shivering at one o'clock of the morning on the bleak Embankment until a Salvation Army officer came round with tickets for bread and soup. In the depot at Westminster I saw them tear and devour great chunks of dry bread like famished beasts as soon as they entered the door. I saw them tremble like men with an ague as soon as their hands touched the hot basins containing the nourishing, appetising soup; and when the edge had been taken off their hunger, and the blood had begun to circulate a little faster in their emaciated bodies, I saw them vanish once more into the cold—to sleep, as that poor Leicester labourer slept, under the starlit arch of the sky.

Gentlemen, I tell you that such pitiless sentences as you passed upon that homeless out-of-work are a scandalous and outrageous inhumanity. There is no excuse for them. There is no need for them. There is no public service done by them; and I declare that if moral justice were done, the magistrates who ordered them would be swept from their places as unfit to exercise judicial functions. In the case of a youth of seventeen, who had accompanied the Leicester labourer, your worships sentenced him to one day's imprisonment, and "warned him to get work." Surely warning him, or anybody, to get work is magisterial mockery or magisterial stupidity. Gentlemen, if by some great misfortune you were suddenly stripped of all your worldly possessions; if, in addition, you had no influence to back you, no friends to help you, nobody to give you food when you were hungry, or shelter when you were cold, or clothes when you were all but naked, could *you* get work, do you think? Gentlemen, I trust you may not come to the bitter test you put on others. The world is hard, cruel hard, to the man who is down. Why should those in the seat of the King's justice be harder and more cruel than the world? If you know not how to be just, and to be merciful in justice, then leave the bench and make way for those who do. Sufficient unto the day of such as you is the evil thereof. John Bull

To F. P. Smith, Esq., Royal Photographic Society, London.

My dear Smith,—Mr. Eugen Sandow and I have been much interested in your experiments on flies, which we gather may now be trained in physical culture. The cinematographic pictures with which you illustrated your lectures the other day, placed this fact beyond doubt, for flies were seen lying on their backs twirling miniature dumb-bells, lifting weights bigger and heavier than themselves, and holding dummy babies in their capacity as nursemaids. I need hardly say that performing flies will be much more acceptable than performing fleas. Some time ago I heard that in the course of a performing flea exhibition, at a West End party, the professor suddenly missed one of his animals. With a quick glance round the assembled guests, he picked something from the expansive *décolleté* of a stout lady near him, and examined it under a large magnifying glass. Then he replaced what he had found where he had found it. "Pardon me, madame," he exclaimed, with a low bow as he did so, "I thought it was one of my artistes." Such disastrous errors of identity could hardly happen with performing flies, and for this reason I treasure the hope that you will be able to popularise their hitherto-unsuspected talents. I send you a large bluebottle which has been troubling the unthatched pate of Jim Crow, and I shall be glad to have it returned to me, with your account, when you have trained it to some more useful purpose. In the meantime, be assured of my good wishes. John Bull

To Muir Wilson, Esq., Solicitor, Sheffield.

Sir,—You are exhausting the patience of your fellow townsmen and bringing upon yourself the contempt and derision of every lawyer in the country. Since I last addressed you in terms of warning and admonition, your behaviour in the law courts of Sheffield has become increasingly disreputable. After a great deal of forbearance, the stipendiary has now given you notice that if you do not conduct yourself with some regard for the common decencies of legal advocacy, he will be compelled to invite the attention of the Public Prosecutor to your conduct. I wish he had power to commit you for contempt of court off-hand.

I am beginning to doubt your sanity. If you have any doubt yourself about the matter, I suggest that you be examined without delay by a small private commission in lunacy, who would authoritatively inform you as to the existence and extent of any crack, defect, blemish, fault, or imperfection in your cerebral apparatus, and advise you accordingly. While inviting your opinion, I think it would be unfair to refuse you the advantage of my own. Speaking, then, *ex parte*, as it were, I cannot believe that your outrageous and ludicrous conduct is due to a mere passing disturbance of the secretive functions of the liver; if I thought you were curable by anything worth a guinea a box or 1s. 1½d. a bottle, I would tell you at once. Nor, on the other hand, can I conceive it to be due to the natural mental limitations of the common and widespread ass. With much regret I have arrived at the conclusion that it is specially and peculiarly due to brain storms of deep-seated causation, excited by acute cerebral disorganisation.

Your proper course is to retire into a mental hospital until such time as you can be discharged certified as cured. I may say that there is hope there even for you. Many people whose mental condition has been apparently rather worse than yours have left these skilful institutions with the cracks in their brains entirely healed. In the interests of your clients, in the interests of justice, and in the interests of yourself, I urge you to act upon my suggestion. When your brain has been mended you may, with a little luck, recover all the usual aspects of a responsible human creature. But, sir, remember that delays are dangerous.

John Bull

Captain Hamilton, Chief Officer Fire Brigade, London.

Newspapers state you have sent one of unpromoted fat sub-officers to Isle of Dogs. Do you want reduce poor man to mere bones? Bull.

Chancellor of Exchequer, London.

Have carefully examined your long list of beer substitutes—dextrin, catechu, tannin, and the rest. But why miss out whisky? Bull.

Mr. Justice Bargrave Deane, Royal Courts of Justice, London.

Note you hope that because you put head under tap every morning nobody will regard it symptom insanity. Accept my assurance. He is a good judge who keeps cool head. Bull.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

See Page iii of Cover.

ARE THEY ADDLED?

ARE THEY ADDLED?

JOHN BULL (*to Liberal Hen*): "Now then, hurry up—you have been 'sitting' long enough."

IN THE CITY.

BRADFORD DYERS AND THEIR CUSTOMERS.

The "tied-house" element in the transactions of the Bradford Dyers' Association has, since the early days of the combine, been recognised as one of the mainsprings of its strength. A shock of surprise that has not yet exhausted itself was created a few days ago when, through the Bradford Chamber of Commerce, customers received notice to terminate the agreements under which they give—with certain reservations—the Association all their work. Following close on the notice to workmen which puts an end to the Wages Board and compulsory arbitration in the event of dispute, the communication has been taken as a sign that the Association is suffering heavily from bad trade.

Since 1902, the Association has held its customers under a double bond. They have been bound, under penalty of losing all privilege, to carry out the spirit of their undertaking to give the Association a first preference, and—save for specified exceptions—to deal with it exclusively. Again, they have been bound by the system of rebates. Failing the attainment of a certain turnover, customers lost 2½ per cent. on the whole of their dyeing accounts. And as an added incentive to trade with the combine, they have had the promise of 2½ per cent. more off any single line of goods dyed at one set of premises and aggregating £5,000 in a year.

For its part, the Association has contracted to keep these guarantors on the best terms unfailingly, and to give their orders special attention. On the whole, the arrangement has worked well. The Association has consistently made profits unparalleled in the trade. For fear of loss of rebates, customers have declined offers of lower prices made by competing dyers. Moreover, the arrangement has worked with so little friction that the Piece-Dyeing Board which exists to solve disputes between the Association and its customers, has only had occasion to meet three times in two years.

For a year past, the Association has not done so handsomely as in the past, as official intimations have sufficiently proved. Its closed works are numerous, various of those in operation have had employment for only two or three days a week, its capital outlay in reconstruction has risen materially, and there is a larger sum than ever to pay as interest and dividends. In these circumstances it might have seemed politic to continue agreements that have thus far had a powerful influence in holding the business together. Without the Wages Board there is a strong likelihood that a serious strike would have followed on the reduction of staffs and reorganisation of machine labour, which were effected in the beginning of last year. Without the tribunal composed equally of dyers and their customers and known as the Piece-Dyeing Board, it is improbable that merchants would have felt the same confidence in the *bona-fides* of the wealthy organisation which confronts them at every turn.

However, outside competition has been growing. Competitors are more numerous and stronger than they were, and, in quarters not fully covered by the guarantee agreement, they have been giving the Association more trouble. Conceivably it is with the intention of dealing with a freer hand with these that the arrangement with customers is being broken. Liberated from the liability to give everyone the low prices which may be occasionally made to get rid of embarrassing competition, the Association might demonstrably go to greater lengths in crushing outsiders down. But if there is to be a war of dyeing prices it is credible that the more powerful customers will elect also to keep free from entanglements with the Association. Merchants wishful to abide by the combine and to benefit automatically by any reduction in rates, are enjoined to communicate with the Association and to enter into private agreements with it. Their action will ultimately be influenced somewhat by force of example.

The Association has thrown the glove down, but the trade believes the Association to be in relatively a bad way. Its path has at many times seemed precarious, and competitors and customers agree that passage along it has hitherto been managed with consummate skill. No skill, however, suffices to make something out of nothing, and there is always the warning against horse-swapping whilst crossing the stream. The stream runs strong in this case.

LAING AND SONS, SUNDERLAND.

From the balance-sheet it will be seen that this company is in a very bad way. The liabilities amount to over £408,000, whilst the assets only total £32,121 exclusive of the value put upon the stock in the shipyard, etc., and the estimated value of the land and buildings. This estimate, however, is based upon the assumption that the yard is a going concern. It is not, and if put into the market in the present depressed state of the shipbuilding trade would hardly elicit an offer, whilst to force a dismantlement sale would have the effect of reducing the assets to a very small amount compared with those shown in the statement of accounts. As matters now stand, should the big creditors start the yard, the smaller creditors may expect about 10s. in the £. In the event of a forced sale, and especially a dismantlement sale, there will hardly be anything for anybody except the present debenture holders.

Do any of our readers know anything about Mr. Frank Boon, who writes upon paper headed Mackwood & Co., describing themselves as surveyors, hotel and tavern valuers and business transfer agents, and addressing from "City Office, 184, Aldersgate Street, E.C."?

INSURANCE ENQUIRIES.

National Co-operative Sick and Accident Society.—B. (Walthamstow).—We should prefer another selection. J. D. (Edinburgh).—We should advise another selection.

Gresham Life Assurance Society.—T. C. R. (Sheffield).—It is a very enterprising company, with a large foreign business.

London, Edinburgh, and Glasgow Assurance Company, Limited.—Anxious (Cardiff).—The company does a large industrial business and also ordinary life business. Its position has much improved of late years.

Reliance Fire and Accident Assurance Company.—R. R. (Harrow).—We should prefer another selection.

Scottish Temperance Life Assurance Company.—T. S. P. (Liverpool).—Yes, it is "strong" and is a well-managed company.

British Homes Assurance Corporation.—A. J. W. (Birmingham).—How is it possible for us to give you an explanation of the delay? W. G. (Bristol).—We should not surrender. C. H. (Bristol).—It is not in a strong position.

Status of Insurance Company.—D. W. R.—We should advise you to deal with a stronger society.

Ilford Imperial Plate Company.—T. W. S. (Willesden Green).—We know nothing about them.

Law Accident Insurance Society.—Anon (Finchley).—The answer is in the negative.

Two Insurance Companies.—C. P. (Manchester).—Both are offices of high standing, but of the two we should perhaps prefer the Scottish Widows'.

British Enterprise Insurance Company.—L. M. (Brixton).—We cannot recommend it.

General Accident, Fire and Life Assurance Corporation, Limited.—Window Cleaners.—The company does insure window cleaners for accident and sickness, granting £20 for accidental death or loss of two limbs or two eyes, £2 a month for temporary disablement or £3 a month for sickness causing temporary disablement, with a further advantage that at natural death or at age of 65 half the premiums paid up are returned to the amount of £10. This policy, however, is endorsed, so that these benefits do not extend to accidents sustained whilst cleaning windows above the first floor. For this policy a window cleaner has to pay a monthly premium of 3s. 6d. if his age is from 16 to 37. If the age be from 38 to 45 the premium is 3s., 3s. 9d. if the age be from 46 to 50, and 4s. 6d. if it be from 51 to 55. A policy fee of 5s., which covers the first month's premium is also payable as an entrance fee.

Value of Investment.—Consols (Huddersfield).—As nearly as we can judge from the price of Consols in 1899 and 1908, the fund would be now about £125. It depends upon the price originally paid.

New York Life Insurance Company.—J. J. B. (Wolverton).—In the circumstances we should remain in the company.

Islands Insurance Company.—C. S. M. (Manor Park).—We note what you say. You should instruct your solicitor to proceed.

Insurance of Life.—A. P. L. (Castle).—As a temperance man, you could not do better than insure with the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution, a first-class office.

Law, Car and General.—J. C. (Canterbury).—Yes.

Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York.—A. A. (Manchester).—Better go to an English office.

Two Insurance Companies.—H. W. (Custom House).—Have nothing to do with either.

The New Era Assurance Company, Limited.—With reference to our observations upon this Company, the Managing Director of the Standard Life Assurance Corporation writes to us to say that under an agreement the business of the New Era and Imperial Companies is being taken over by his Corporation.

Plate Glass Assurance Company.—K. O. D. (Ashford).—We should be disposed to answer in the negative.

Plate Glass Corporation.—W. F. T. (Blackheath).—Not very strong.

Industrial Insurance.—W. E. H. (Stoke Newington).—It is a small company, and we think you might make a better selection.

Metropolitan Life Assurance Society.—Anxious (Leyton).—It is an excellent institution—one of the four mutual non-commission paying offices which has consistently returned large profits. The society deserves a larger share of new business.

British Homes Assurance Corporation.—Agent (Upper Clapton).—We will try and do what you want next week.

Ideal Insurance Society.—Agent (Liverpool).—We should advise not.

Law and Integrity Insurance Company.—F. S. (Cardiff).—We have no information respecting this company.

State of Company.—J. L. (Derby).—We believe the company to be quite sound, but it has much vexatious litigation in front of it. In these circumstances we should be inclined to insure elsewhere.

The Canada Life Assurance Company.—We have received the following from the manager of this company:—"We observe in your issue of the 7th inst., in a reply to 'C. L. A. (Cardiff),' under Insurance Enquiries, a reference to this company, and we would take the opportunity of pointing out that you have made, unwittingly no doubt, one or two mistakes. You are good enough to state that the £1 per cent. bonus which we paid at our last division of profits did not represent the normal rate declared by the company, which, as a matter of fact, has averaged over 40s. per cent. per annum since 1847. This high bonus, moreover, was declared on rates of premium which in many cases were lower than the without-profit rates

usually charged. During the past ten years the company have been strengthening their reserves, bringing down the rate of valuation from the American 4 per cent. standard to the H. M. 3 per cent. standard. This operation necessitated our taking the large sum of over £500,000 from the divisible surplus to add to the reserves, and hence the £1 per cent. bonus. The company has valued all its new business since 1900 on the H.M. 3 per cent. basis, and is now earning on its funds approximately £4 15s. per cent., which, together with a rapidly decreasing expense ratio, makes the prospect for future profits for policy-holders excellent. The total divisible surplus at the valuation in 1904 was really £296,619; and of this sum there was divided among policy-holders at December, 1904, £265,983, a further sum of £13,782 having been paid as interim bonus to policy-holders whose policies became claims during the quinquennium. I may say that by the Canadian Government standard of valuation our divisible surplus at the end of 1904 was £830,363. For your information, I have pleasure in handing you our actuarial report and accounts to 31st December, 1904, as submitted to the Board of Trade." G. C. (Stockport).—The sentence should, of course, read, "the reversionary bonuses declared on life and endowment policies is £1 per cent. per annum."

THE PROVINCIAL HOMES INVESTMENT COMPANY, LIMITED.—G. M. (Birmingham).—We have your lengthy letter of complaint, and have inquired into the matter. We find that your statements are very misleading. The *gravamen* of your complaint is that, "having paid (your) contribution of 7s. per week regularly for six years," you were entitled to an advance of £700. This is not so. You hold two certificates, one of which, for £400, was issued in March, 1902, when you applied for an agency with the company, and whereon you received the full agent's commission; and the other certificate was purchased by you as recently as August, 1906, for the sum of £12. That, however, is a minor matter, since the certificates undoubtedly entitled you to make an application for an advance of £700. You go on to say that after making various applications you issued a writ. "The company strenuously defended," and after three adjournments promised "to pay all costs of the case, amounting to more than £100, and to advance the £700 forthwith." This statement is, again, quite incorrect. So far as their strenuously" defending, you discontinued the action, subsequently, in conjunction with the man from whom you bought one of the certificates, issuing County Court summonses, which ultimately came on for hearing. The company was in a difficulty. Assuming it had been successful on the particular points at issue, you would still have your rights under the certificates and be entitled to an advance, and the company therefore thought it better to bring about a settlement, if it could be done upon reasonable terms, and arranged that a sum of £60 should be paid to cover any damages consequent upon delay which might have taken place in not dealing with the application immediately it was received, as to which, however, there appeared to be considerable doubt, and in view of the fact that you had stated that the property you originally intended to buy had been sold and could not then be acquired. Each party paid his own costs, and all allegations against the company were unreservedly withdrawn by you, both by your counsel in court, and also in terms of settlement. The actual words subscribed to by your solicitor, Mr. Hall Wright, are "all allegations against the company to be unreservedly withdrawn." Your statements as to what has happened since the settlement was arrived at, as, for example, "now I cannot get any money at all from them. Three times it has been promised and they have failed to pay," is an improper and misleading statement. The company are quite willing to find the £700 directly the necessary formalities have been completed, and the delay in completion is not on their side, but on yours, you being required to find £127 to complete the purchase, which you have failed to do. It should be needless to point out that until the contract is entered into the title cannot be investigated, and up to the present time your solicitor has not approved the mortgage deed. The company, in order to meet you as far as possible, agreed that if your solicitor would approve the mortgage deed the company would pay the deposit, although in no way bound to do so, provided you found the £127. There has been further delay owing to objections on the part of your solicitor on some small matters which have been waived by the Company, and so far as the company are concerned they seem to have done everything in their power to complete the matter. In these circumstances we cannot agree with you that you have any cause of complaint against the company, and we are bound to add that you appear to have acted in a manner difficult to defend.

FINANCIAL ENQUIRIES.

BRITISH ALUMINIUM COMPANY.—T. C. (Stamford Hill).—A very speculative purchase.

TANGANYIKA SHARES.—PEEPING TOM (Coventry).—It is not a purchase we should recommend.

ALBI UNITED CARBIDE SHARES.—DISAPPOINTED (Kenley).—We think there is little chance of it at present.

A PROVIDENT SOCIETY.—K. D. (Southampton).—We do not think you would be a gainer by becoming a member of it.

VARIOUS SECURITIES.—W. J. (Stroud Green).—We should prefer Japanese Bonds. We cannot name securities "good for 30 years"; much may happen in that somewhat lengthy period, but, taking the present time and a reasonable forecast, Jay's Cumulative Preference, National Telephone Cumulative Third Preference, J. W. Benson's Cumulative Preference, should serve your purpose.

SAFE DEPOSIT.—P. A. W. (Twickenham).—It all depends upon the amount of interest that would satisfy your friend.

NATIONAL DEPOSIT FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—H. S. B. (Reading).—We know nothing to the contrary.

NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE.—H. W. (Oldham).—No.

KELNER, PARTINGTON AND COMPANY.—F. C. B. (Furness).—(1) We know nothing to the contrary. (2) They have met with heavy losses lately.

SCOTTISH CLERKS' ASSOCIATION.—P. B. B. (Stoke Newington).—We have heard nothing to their disadvantage.

FELICIDAD GOLD COMPANY, LIMITED.—A. T. (St. Ives).—We cannot recommend it.

THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS.—H. G. (Clapham).—We note what you say about this Canadian concern, which we have constantly warned our readers against.

SAVINGS INVESTMENT AND BENEFIT CORPORATION.—F. Y. (Liskeard).—Our advice to you would be that given to *you* by your friend.

WOOLWICH EQUITABLE BUILDING SOCIETY.—J. H. C. (Reigate).—The society is a long-established and very respectable one. We know nothing of the bank to which you refer.

R. A. SMITH AND COMPANY.—G. M. (Greenwich).—Have nothing to do with them.

ST. LOUIS BREWERY SHARES.—BREWER (Belfast).—No.

TWO SHARES.—H. B. C. (London).—The answer to both questions is in the negative.

LONDON ELECTROBUS COMPANY.—A. B. C.—It would be a very speculative purchase.

POST OFFICE SAVINGS BANK.—T. T. (Norfolk).—There is nothing to prevent a Post Office Savings Bank depositor having a dozen different banking accounts if he chooses.

SUNDRY QUESTIONS.—ANXIOUS (Leicester).—(1) No, the bank does not repay you the cost of unpaid cheques. (2) It is not necessary to give notice of intention to close an account. (3) Yes, the Birkbeck Bank is an excellent one. (4) Yes.

BOWDEN BRAKE COMPANY.—A. P. (Walthamstow).—You can get the information from any of the ordinary reference books.

BOND BROKER.—A. J. P. (Limehouse).—We cannot recommend him.

THE SAVINGS INVESTMENT AND BANKING CORPORATION.—F. B. (Leagrave).—The answer is in the negative.

CONTRACTORS, LIMITED.—S. J. B. (Thornton Heath).—We are not much in love with "unique" enterprises, from the commercial point of view. We return your papers.

GOOD FOREIGN LOTTERY.—HACKNEY (London).—There are no good foreign lotteries, from the point of view of the Englishman who hopes to get a prize.

HUMBERS ORDINARY.—W. A. M. (Burton-on-Trent).—We are inclined to think so.

A.B.C. CAB COMPANY.—W. H. (Manchester).—No, we should not recommend it.

ORIENTAL CAVES, LIMITED.—J. S. (Leeds).—The waste-paper basket is the place for the printed matter you send us.

THE CARLTON HOTEL.—SHAREHOLDER (Brighton).—No doubt all the circumstances dwelt upon by the chairman at the recent general meeting have had a more or less prejudicial influence, and help to explain the very serious shrinkage in profits; but in our opinion that shrinkage is not mainly due, as the chairman assumed, to the financial panic of last year in the United States, or the depression of trade in this country, but rather to the unwise encouragement of a rival hotel—the Ritz. The customers of the Carlton, some of them, were invited to give it a trial in the expectation that they would return to their old love again, but many of them, or some of them, have forgotten their way back to the Haymarket.

CURRIE AND CRISP.—E. M. (Newark).—Do not send us any more of these circulars. We are glad to find they have not misled you.

INTERNATIONAL SECURITIES CORPORATION.—GAMBLER (Rutherglen).—No, the affairs of this concern are far from settled. If you want information as to how they stand you should apply to the liquidator.

C. W. GORDON AND CO.—REAR GUARD (Finsbury Park).—It is impossible for us to express an opinion upon the merits of the dispute without seeing the whole of the correspondence, but on the face of it they would seem to have no claim against you. It is, however, to be regretted that you did not return the contracts as soon as you received them.

TWO SHARES.—LENCO (Northampton).—We should prefer the Cargo Fleets.

NORTH NAVIGATION COLLIERY.—U. V. S. (Bristol).—We should be inclined to let the investment remain unchanged. The outlook for the Coalite Company is improving a little, but the shares represent a very speculative security.

ANGLO-JAPANESE BANK, LIMITED.—M. H. S. (Holyrood Road).—The bank is doing less well than was expected at the outset, but there is, in our opinion, a prosperous future if only the management is stiffened. The board lacks expert members.

PREMIUM BONDS.—BONN JULL (Cowes).—We should not advise you, having regard to your position, as described by yourself, to buy these bonds, but if you *will* buy them, Messrs. N. Keizer and Co., of 39, Threadneedle Street, E.C., will sell them to you upon fair terms.

THE GOVERNMENT AND MUNICIPAL SECURITIES CORPORATION.—D. C. (Manchester).—You had much better buy them from Messrs. Keizer and Co., of 39, Threadneedle Street, E.C.

AERATED BREAD COMPANY.—ONE INTERESTED.—There is much in what you say about the present chairman and his unwise procedure.

DEEP SEA FISHING COMPANY.—H. A. H. (Brentwood).—We regret we can be of no service to you in the matter.

SPENCER, SANTO AND COMPANY.—H. B. (Saffron Walden).—We think you had better hold them. They may possibly improve later on.

THE INVESTMENT REGISTRY.—H. G. L. (Stratford-on-Avon).—We think they would treat you fairly.

BONDHOLDERS' REGISTER.—R. H. (Peterborough).—It is a weekly publication, price 1d., and you can get it from any newsagent upon order.

LONDON CLERKS' ASSOCIATION.—CLERK (Dalston).—Yes, we think so.

PARIS PRESS LOTTERY.—UNLUCKY (Bristol).—Better not trouble your head about it.

LIPTON'S SAVINGS BANK.—W. H. (Shepherd's Bush).—You would be quite safe.

MUTUAL PERMANENT BUILDING AND BENEFIT SOCIETY.—H. N.—We do not.

UNITED REALISATION COMPANY.—SALIN (Brecon).—Little or nothing.

C. E. J. (Canonbury).—See previous answer.

AUTO MANUFACTURING COMPANY.—AUTO (Catford).—We do not think they are of any value.

LONDON AND COUNTIES EXCHANGE.—C. O. (Forfar).—We note what you say. G. T. (Glasgow).—We cannot advise dealings.

PROVIDENT BONDS.—J. S. (Hull).—We do not quite understand your question. Is it whether Provident Bonds are worth the value?

CANADIAN PACIFIC TRAFFICS.—W. L. S. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—We note what you say as to the Canadian Pacific traffics being fictitious and that they would show heavy decreases, like the Grand Trunk, were it not that they this year have something like 330 miles added to their system, whilst Grand Trunk remains with exactly the same mileage as last. But this does not affect the fact that the traffic receipts are larger, though it explains it.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—S. P. (Berkley West).—Have nothing to do with these people. We have exposed them frequently in our columns. W. D. (Chelmsford).—They are swindlers. GAMA (Bristol).—The explanation of the delay is that the brokers in question have been very hard hit. We fancy you will get your £15 shortly. Let us know when you do. H. W. (Oldham.—We cannot advise dealings with them. SECURITIES (Hesle).—Ditto. P. M. (Belfast).—The people are rogues, as we have stated in these columns frequently, and it would be hopeless to attempt recovery. In fact, they are in the Bankruptcy Court. C. K. (Forest Hill).—Have nothing to do with any one of the three. G. M. (London).—We do not know what you can do. It is useless appealing to the Courts on the subject A. B. (Romford).—Ditto. W. L.—Ditto. J. W. (Croydon).—Ditto. R. L.—Ditto. W. S. (Liverpool).—Quite likely, the ramifications are many. TORCH (Matlock).—Have nothing to do with them. T. McC. (Brierley).—Yes, we agree with the opinion of your solicitors as to the probable action of a judge. Of course if, as in the case to which you refer, the defendant does not plead the Gaming Act, the position would be different, but these people almost invariably plead it. N. L. (Glasgow).—If you are wise you will deal with neither of them.

HUNGARIAN LOTTERY.—H. S. (Edgbaston).—If you *will* have a flutter with your £10, there is no more to be said. Yours is a very exceptional experience. L. M. D. (Lampeter).—No. J. Z. (Glasgow).—Have nothing to do with it. We return the papers.

BRITISH GENERAL INVESTMENT CORPORATION, LIMITED.—A. C. G. (Pontypridd).—We know nothing to the contrary.

CARSON'S, LIMITED.—H. S. (Lincoln).—We should hold in the hope of improvement.

THE report of the Medical Officer to the City of London on the purity of soda water has caused considerable comment. Some time ago, it appears, a case of diphtheria was traced to this source. It is obvious that great vigilance should be exercised in the cleaning of bottles returned after use for re-filling. A safer method, perhaps, is to purchase a self-charging syphon from a chemist, which being filled at home with water, filtered or boiled if necessary, is then aerated with carbonic acid gas put up in small bulbs, each containing just the required quantity for the purpose.

SOCIETY AND THE DRUGLESS CURE.

EUGEN SANDOW AT WORK.

By a Medical Spectator.

Who will deny the claim of Mr. Eugen Sandow to be the greatest living Exponent and Teacher of Physical Culture? Not many, I take it! But those who know him personally, and have had the advantage of close converse with him, can testify to the fact that his mental attainments are also of the highest order. And it is this twinship of rare gifts that has placed Mr. Sandow so high above all other teachers, not only of physical culture from its purely developmental standpoint, but also above those who claim adeptship in matters appertaining to physical health.

Mankind is at last beginning to recognise the importance of shaking itself free from the fetish practice of indiscriminate drug taking. And Mr. Sandow has been in the forefront of the battle. He has awakened the civilised world to rise up and destroy the idol that has held it enslaved for centuries, until even that great conservative and highly ethical—I had almost written *ultra* ethical—body of men, the medical profession, has not only held its peace respecting his methods of Curative Physical Culture, but has even aided and abetted by sending him shoals of patients who cannot be cured by drug treatment, but whose cases have been proved by result to be easily amenable to cure by scientific exercises.

A characteristic portrait of Eugen Sandow, the founder of the Science of Curative Physical Culture.

Practice Preferable to Theory.

What is more marvellous than the construction and mechanism of the human body? And who is a greater student—or more noble—than he who seeks to master its intricacies and inner workings—yea, even to the minutest and most subtle detail?

Science and philosophy may take flights into the realms bordering on the metaphysical, and sun themselves in the glorious wonderland of mental theorising. But, after all, the majority of the inhabitants of this planet are, and must continue to be merged in a physical environment, with its concomitant duties and disabilities. Consequently it is quite evident that more honour is due to the man who, in this age of physical bondage, comes forward to tell us how, and help us personally, to make the best of it, than to him whose philosophy soars beyond the ken of our mortal consciousness. For the former gathers the weak and ailing, and guides them into their natural heritage—the heritage of perfect health and strength, and graceful physical deportment.

Sandow's Early Promise.

Eugen Sandow at the age of ten—as will be seen by glancing at his portrait on page 3 of his short but excellent treatise, entitled "Health from Physical Culture" (which, by the way, he sends free of charge to all who apply for it, and his other highly interesting literature), was a delicate lad. If you examine the contour of his head, however, you will see there the latent indications of a fine brain, surmounting, even at that tender age, features expressive of strong character and determination. And the near future, indeed, proved that this delicate child was quite as intelligent and determined as his picture denotes, for we learn that he, in his early youth, made up his mind to eliminate his constitutional weakness, and set himself the difficult task of a scientific system of physical culture (self-devised, be it understood), which gradually evolved him into the masterpiece of health and strength that we see him to be to-day.

I remember, as if it were only yesterday, though it must be many years ago, the occasion when this great champion of the weak and ailing burst upon the notice of the great British Public. The stirring occasion when he, then an unknown young man in London, took up the challenge of a "Strong Man" to emulate his mighty feats, and before an enthusiastic, though somewhat awed, multitude, lowered that strong man's proud standard with the greatest ease.

But Mr. Sandow's ambitions rested on a much higher plane than the performance of such hair-raising, doughty deeds. The Herculean feats were indeed a necessary prelude and *vis a tergo* to his loftier aims, and, as in the case of all determined pioneers, he had to hew his way through primeval rock and virgin forest ere he reached the goal which would bring him the well-merited plaudits and gratitude of mankind—more satisfying to him, he will tell you, than the brave drums of yesterday over his magnificent feats of physical endurance.

And what were these loftier aims? There, surely, is no need to ask—the world in general by this time knows. But if you who read this have a doubt as to your knowledge of the subject, either go and inspect, or send for full information respecting, his remarkable Institute for Curative Physical Culture, the address of which is 32A, St. James's Street, Piccadilly, London, S.W., and whence by correspondence Mr. Sandow prescribes curative exercises for individuals in every corner of the globe, and acquaint yourself with the marvellous records of his accomplishments, not only in strengthening and developing the average man, but in the curing of the sick and ailing.

Personally, I have for many years been an interested

watcher of Mr. Sandow's progress, and periodically heard of remarkable results from the use of his methods. Therefore, you can imagine, when I was invited to make a detailed inspection of his Institute, and to sift and examine the records of his cases, I readily availed myself of the opportunity—being glad to come to closer quarters with this interesting form of curative treatment and its equally interesting Founder and Professor.

That I was completely satisfied with and convinced of the soundness of his scientific claims, and the perfection of his physical methods of treatment, may be gathered from the fact that I am the writer of this article on the subject of Mr. Sandow's treatment of sick and ailing humanity.

In my inspection of cases, in active treatment at the time of my visits, and my perusal of the carefully kept records of past treatments and cures brought about in patients who consulted Mr. Sandow by letter only, being unable, perhaps, to spare the time or expense of a special visit to London, I noted the, then to me, astonishing evidence that practically all forms of illness were amenable to Mr. Sandow's prescriptions. I used the word "prescriptions" advisedly, for it became quite clear to me that the term was merited by the fact that Mr. Sandow ordered no haphazard or uniform system of exercises to patients, but carefully differentiated between cases, dealing with each on its merits, and "prescribing" just the right and appropriate set for each. Here were indeed to be found scientifically thought out "*pre*-scriptions"!

From a Photograph, by permission.
Mr. Sandow attending to his day's correspondence from all parts of Great Britain, and even from invalids in foreign countries. He cordially invites all who suffer to call upon or write to him for his opinion.

I also became profoundly aware of a strictly "medical air" pervading the place. Dignity and precision—alertness and intelligent procedure typified the conduct of the Institute.

I was given every reasonable opportunity to examine and question those actively under treatment, and I heard in the privacy of each cubicle expressions of gratitude for benefit already received.

One man—a member of a learned profession—told me that he came to Sandow with an adherent immobile lung, and was already breathing fifty per cent. better. His expectoration was less, and that which did occur was more freely got rid of—a matter of great moment to him—and his general condition was so improved that he hardly recognised himself to be the man he was a month or two previously.

Another, a diabetic, spoke of a reduction of the sugar, a definite increase in weight, and a marked sense of increased strength.

People of delicate constitution—that is, persons who had been always heretofore ailing—had undergone complete change for the better, and were beginning to feel the joy of being alive, for, perhaps, the first time in their lives.

Those suffering from "weakness" or lack of vitality, loss of appetite, insomnia, headache, "nerves," constipation, habitual cough, contracted chest, deformities and contractions, piles, muscular flaccidity, indigestion, dyspepsia, palpitation, chronic "throats," chronic catarrhs of various kinds, and the hundred and one cases which one might call "functional symptomatics," if one may be permitted to coin the phrase, found quick relief and ultimate cure.

The New Sense of Glowing Life.

Then, what struck me as particularly noticeable was the delightful freshness and sense of glowing life of which the patients spoke of feeling. It only proved to me that in each case the treatment set every nerve alertly doing its duty; that the blood was coursing with lively "vim" through every vein and artery; that every muscle had got rid of its accumulated "waste" from among its delicate fibres; that consequently the brain was being supplied with clean and sufficient nutriment; that all the vital organs had been vivified; and that the lungs had been expanded with life-giving oxygen to their fullest capacity.

The sight of all this redundant "healing"—"Healing Springs" might well be Mr. Sandow's motto—was enough to make me wish that my professional brethren (the majority of whom have no easy opportunity—by reason of geographical and other disabilities—of witnessing the beneficent work carried on by Mr. Sandow) could only have been by my side at that moment, to share in my approval and satisfaction. Such a sight would cause even more than do so now to send along many of their "sub-acute" and "chronic" cases to gain the benefit of this curative system — cases which in the main they must feel are unsatisfactory when treated alone by drug and dietetic régimes.

I think it will be recognised generally that no doctor in the land could honestly say he was half as capable as Mr. Sandow in prescribing a suitable set of physical exercises for such patients, even though he may claim to be Mr. Sandow's equal in anatomical and physiological knowledge. It is the *application*—the *proper* application—of that knowledge that is the secret of Mr. Sandow's phenomenal success.

How so many ailing persons can go plodding through life—having finally, and rightly, given up all hopes of relief from the use of drugs—without applying either personally or by letter to Mr. Sandow is a mystery to me. And yet it is not a mystery if one reflects that there are a large number of persons who either do not know, or have found it difficult to obtain, any reliable information on the subject. To these I would advise as follows:—Call upon him and talk your trouble over in confidence with him, or write mentioning having read my article in JOHN BULL to Mr. Sandow at his Institute, 32a, St. James's Street, Piccadilly, London, S.W., asking him to send you a budget of his literature, and to those who give him particulars he will reply personally, advising them whether or not they are suitable cases for his method of treatment. Mr. Sandow never undertakes any case where his methods are not likely to be of any avail. He would not risk his great reputation on it.

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

Conservative Women Join the Fray.

A significant straw showing in which direction the political wind is veering is the formation of the first Women's Suffrage Society, composed of Conservative ladies only. Its full and somewhat ponderous title is "The Conservative and Unionist Women's Franchise Association," and it certainly starts its career supported by influential people. The President, Lady Knightley of Fawsley, is a leading light among the Primrose dames; the Vice-President is Miss Balfour, sister of the ex-Premier; while the Countess of Meath, Lady Edward Spencer Churchill, Lady Betty Balfour, Lady Robert Cecil, and numbers of other prominent women of the Tory party are giving their influence and work. That the enfranchisement of women will come from the Conservatives seems the most likely method in which the woman's suffrage difficulty will finally get itself solved. And perhaps this is for the best, after all. The aristocratic party will probably extend the franchise in a manner more cautious and restricted than the loud democratic crowings of the Liberals would permit them to adopt. And probably this would be more safe and suitable at first; better than placing political power right away into the hands of large masses of women who have been brought up ignorant of political matters and unaccustomed to judging and considering affairs of wide import. To a great many people the birth of this new Conservative Society will seem a far more important political advance than anything that the militant suffrage societies can do now. It must all be very discouraging to the members of the Anti-Suffrage Society. These poor things have no less than five energetic associations opposing them—three constitutional and two militant—while almost all the leading women of the day have sided with the women who want the vote. The latest recruit is Madame Melba. As is quite right and proper, the leading spirit of the A.S.S.—(it is sad for the Anti-Suffrage Society that its initials are so suggestive!)—is a man, the Hon. Ivor Guest. In America there is likewise an A.S.S., and there, too, the retiring females resist their own freedom under the ægis of a masculine leader. But the English A.S.S. are really too timorous. A branch of the Women's Freedom League invited them to debate, and none turned up—not one, although they were promised refreshments as a bribe.

Tiny Tots in Fancy Dress.

How delightfully lacking in self-consciousness are the wee guests at fancy dress parties; that is where they differ so widely from "grown-ups" when in strange, unusual attire. We are promised an epidemic of fancy dress parties this Christmas. Well, so much the more laughter and happiness in life. Now for a few costumes a little away from the ordinary, yet not too difficult to make at home. A sturdy little boy looks a perfect darling as Hercules—pink leggings, a leopard-skin, and club in hand. A gentleman who held a position of importance amid Freemasons would be amused to see his little daughter appear as the only Lady Freemason—a black velvet Elizabethan gown, with white ruffle all complete, and the regalia of the order. (But, there—this costume cannot be sprung upon papa as a surprise, after all; his help is essential.) A wee, fair-haired baby of three or four will get smothered with kisses if she go as a "Powder-puff"—short, frilly white skirts, edged with down, a fluffy white cap, and small powder-puffs dangling all over the costume by pink and mauve ribbons. A little girl with dainty legs might go as "A French Bather"—tights, laced sandals, a scanty bright blue silk swimming costume, and a saucy cap. A mite of four or five got up in the white satin, veil, and orange-blossom of the conventional bride looks very quaint, though the little vision will cause some of the grown-up guests to sigh sadly. A small boy would be very pleased with himself if his fond parents sent him as "John Bull," copying the picture on our cover exactly. Taken on the whole, little girls are happier in short skirts, and the accessories—wands, bouquets, fishing-rods, shepherds' crooks, and what not—should not have too much trouble expended on them, as assuredly they will pass the greater part of the evening in mother's charge.

Hand-Embroidery.

Some of the smartest of winter gowns are being built in velvet and made to rely almost entirely for their trimming upon discreet touches of hand-embroidery. This is a fortunate thing for the woman with clever fingers. A dressmaker will be quite willing to cut out the dress, and allow her customer to take home yoke, sleeves, or other necessary parts, so that the embroidery can be done on the actual material. It is really so easy to work simple geometrical designs or flowers if we do not aspire to shading or such advanced efforts. Of course, a transfer pattern must be bought from an art-needlework shop. If you are doubtful of your own colour taste the girl behind the counter is sure to have a trained eye, and will aid your choice of silks. The simplest stitches are often the most effective, and velvet is a delightful material to work on, as even the amateur embroiderer can hardly make it cockle up.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

See Page iii of Cover.

SOUND FINANCIAL METHODS.

THE TRIUMPH OVER PREJUDICES. VICTORY OF REFORM.

There are few studies that afford greater pleasure or give greater satisfaction to the studiously inclined nature than a careful examination of the rise and fall of ancient nations, or the gradual decay of old traditions and the absorption or extinction of old institutions. The student, if he so desires, can trace how from these past great traditions a new code of ideas has gradually evolved, while from the structures of old historic houses new enterprises more fitted to deal with the altered conditions of time have been brought into being.

THE BATTLE WITH PREJUDICE.

All great reforms that have tended to shake settled beliefs or to upset established methods have had to contend with both prejudice and violent opposition. It has been so in religion, in politics, in banking, in finance, and so it has been in the establishment of the London and Paris Exchange, Limited, an institution founded to give greater and more extended facilities for financial transactions and dealing in and obtaining advances on Stock Exchange securities. The directors wish to congratulate their supporters that, notwithstanding all this opposition, they have succeeded in establishing their enterprise, and they are convinced, from the progressive advancement of their business, that they occupy to-day a high position in public favour. The sound and liberal principles on which the business is conducted justify the belief that future years will witness a continuance of steady and healthy expansion, and bring increased prosperity.

MODERN INVESTMENT.

To-day investment is on very different lines from what it was twenty, or even ten, years ago. The sphere of investment has been considerably broadened, and methods have become greatly diversified.

PROFITABLE INVESTMENTS.

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AMONG THE MUMMERS.

DINNER AND THE DRAMA.

There is a very close connection between drama and dinner in more senses than one. I believe it was Mr. Pinero who, some years ago, suggested that the Londoner should abandon the practice of dining well and late so that he might be early at the play and in a condition to grapple with any such problem as the play might present. Mr. Pinero's idea was that we should be satisfied with high tea in the interval between leaving our business and going to the theatre; and I think he suggested that if we must have a heavy evening meal it should follow, not precede, our attendance at the playhouse. Mr. James Welch went further in a way, although he did not desire that we should fare worse. He drew up a sort of dietary for play-goers: Before sampling a light comedy we were to dine pleasantly on oysters and champagne or something of that kind; an appetising little French dinner was to come before one type of play, a cut off the joint and vegetables before another, and so on through the whole order of the drama.

A PLEASING SUGGESTION.

I fancy there is a great deal in Mr. Welch's theory; I am sure that many plays are damned by the critics because their digestions are out of order, through dining hurriedly or inappropriately or not at all. If I were a theatre manager, I would invite the critics before every first-night to a charming meal, delightfully served, with excellent wines and the best of liqueurs. A few unnecessarily conscientious scribes might no doubt resent what they considered an attempt to bribe and corrupt them: the majority of the critics being wise men with cultivated tastes would appreciate the good things supplied and reflect their satisfaction in their critiques. Formerly it was the custom for certain managements to take wine with the critics behind the scenes before they went off to write their notices. Nowadays the pace is too rapid for that; indeed half the daily paper reports are drafted from a view of the dress rehearsal as a rule, and only a hurried revision, is possible before the paper goes to press.

A MORAL FROM AMERICA?

My readers have all seen advertisements in public places urging them for heaven's sake not to read this or that; and although the game is as old as Methuselah, they read it every time. This fact might be used as a text for the preaching of a great lesson to politicians who forget that the nation comprises many human beings insanely curious to see things you tell them they should not and to do things which you try and prevent them from doing. What is the matter with half our statesmen and more than half our dramatists and quite a lot of our entertainment caterers is this: they do not understand the weakness of their fellow-creatures. Let them take a hint from an American touring manager of whom I have just heard. This shrewd and unscrupulous wretch reserves one night in every week for a production which is neither more nor less bluggy than several other plays in his repertory. But he advertises that this particular play is one which no person of feeble constitution or morbid mind should see. Of course the theatre is packed; all the feeble constitutions and morbid minds go to witness the dangerous play, and all the healthy creatures in the town—with Brother Chadband in excited attendance—walk up to watch the others. It is a wicked dodge, but it is full of instruction for all whom it may concern.

SUNDAY THEATRES.

For my part, I have no desire to see the London theatres open seven days in the week, like many of the theatres and music-halls in America; but if the public want Sunday theatres and the managers and actors are willing to supply the necessary entertainment I do not see why the Lord Chamberlain or anyone else should prevent them. However, in this, as in so many other matters in which a small section of privileged or prejudiced persons desire to repress the pleasures of a larger section of their countrymen, the assumption is that the people do not want or need Sunday theatres and, therefore must be prevented from having them, by law and administrative decree. When all the public-houses are closed entirely on the Sabbath and all the park bands are suppressed and all the concerts are shut down, perchance a theatreless folk may be tempted to try the kirk as a place in which to shooze their Sundays through once more. Recently some theatres have had picture-and-music shows on the Sabbath. So the Lord Chamberlain has included a new clause in the theatre licences—previously they were for six days only—in which he asserts his control on the seventh day also, and absolutely prohibits "public performances" on Sundays "unless under very exceptional circumstances" and after formal permission has been obtained. Nobody seems to know what the clause is really up to; and the only explanation obtained from the Lord Chamberlain's office is diametrically opposed to the apparent meaning of the clause. "Public safety" is the nominal excuse for the new clause; but it looks very like a new development of pro-Sabbatarianism, and clearly it might be used by a narrow-minded Lord Chamberlain against the Stage Society and other bodies which produce plays of which autocracy does not approve. The working of the clause must be watched closely; and, in the meantime, its intention should be made much more definite.

P.

YOUR STOMACH

MAKES OR MARS YOU

It is your stomach that supplies your body with the nourishment necessary to health, and it is your stomach also that creates nearly all the impurities which poison your blood and cause ill-health. How is this? Just the difference between digestion and indigestion. One nourishes the other poisons. Make sure of digestion. Take Mother Seigel's Syrup. This great medicine never fails because it gives strength to the organs of digestion and ensures their perfect working.

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MR. ISAACSTEIN AND THE KAISER.

"Ikey, tear," says der leedle voman, "Vot's Villiam-mit-der-grace been doin'—sendin' more vires?"

"Ya, my anchel, he's been *telegraphin'* an interview dis time—Beim Gott! dot's a feller to vork, eh? Vork, vork, vork, all der day. Petween me und you, my tear, dey do say dot he even *treams* plans of gambaign sometimes.

"You know dot patent shirt button dot I brought out? Vell, vhen I vos takin' an early mornin' valk ofer in Hamburg, last year, a feller taps me on der shoulder und says he'll drouble me to come to der bolice-station, und vhen ve gets dere dey jam me into a motor-car und runs me off to Postdam. Und pefore I haf time to t'ink, dey shoves me into der Kaiser's bed-room.

"'Der Teufel!' he says, vakin' up suddent like.

"'Habby to meet you,' I says. 'My name's yust plain Pritish Isaacstein.'

"'Den you're der feller dot's been infringin' my patent. Dot shirt button vos my idea. You—you don' subbose I'd haf been downed so easy at Algeciras,' he says, 'if my mind hadn' been occupied mit dot button. Bass me dem telegraft forms.

"'*To Bulow—from Imperator.*

'*Declare var with France, too busy myself.*'

"'Now about dot button,' he says, 'I dunno how you got aholt of my brilliant idea,' he says, 'but I can tell you dot I—Bass me dose telegraft forms. So—

"'*To Bulow—from Imperator.*

'*Re former wire. Declare var with England. Wire friendly sentiments to France.*'

"'Now,' he says, 'der clip at der back of dot button—Vould you mind bassin' me dose telegraft forms. So—

"'*To Bulow—from Imperator.*

'*Have again gonsidered matter. Declare var on Russia, tell England blood is thicker as water.*'

"'Und now,' he says, 'revertin' to dot shirt button, I vos sayin' dot der clip at der back is really der essential—May I drouble you for dem telegraft forms vonce more? So—

'*To Bulow—from Imperator*

'*Been thinking things over. Declare var on Penighted States. Send greetings to Nicholas.*'

"'Dot clip now—Himmel! Vot a chance! Quick, bass me dose telegraft forms—

"'*To Bulow—from Imperator.*

'*Urgent. Following on declaration of var with Penighted States please offer them my latest plan of campaign approved by General Staff.*'

"'Vell, now, der clip as I vos sayin' is really der essential part of der invention, und dot bein' so—Mein Gott! Am I to be inderrupted efery time I settle down to serious pizness? Vell vot is it?'

"'Majesty,' says Bulow, 'Majesty, France, England und Russia all declines to enderdain idea of var unless you subblies each mit a plan of gambaign.'

"'Vot!' shoudts der Kaiser. 'Ve can't fight all of dem. I—I ain't got time to subbly dem all mit plans of gambaign. I'm busy mit sometings more imbortant.'

"'Now,' says he to me, 'I vos sayin' dot dot clip——'

"'Majesty!' says Bulow.

"'Resign, dumkopf! Send von Schön to me.'

"'Majesty, von Schön is ill.'

"'Den gonsider your resignation vit'drawn,' says der Kaiser. 'Now tell me quickly vot's der matter?'

"'Majesty, I am told dot your vires distinctly said dot ve should declare var on France, England, und Russia und der Penighted States, und ve've done it! Und ve've sent der last named your plan of gambaign as insdructed. I sent your telegrams to von Schön, he sent dem to der Actin' Debudy Assistant Foreign Secretary, he bassed dem to der Junior Actin' Debudy Assistant, und he to der Chief Clerk, who in der ordinary routine of our Foreign Office vork, handed dem still unread to der office boy.

"'Majesty, der office boy obeyed insdructions in each case, *after carefully verifyin' der bosition on der map of each of der gountries named.* In each case, he assures me, your Majesty has got der names right eggsebd in der last. I regret to say dot he couldn' find dem "Penighted States" anyvheres, so he *posted* der letter. I accebd full resbonsibilidy.'

"'Bulow,' says der Kaiser, 'I forgif you, now run avay und tell England, France und Russia dot der var is off.'"

THE HURLY BURLY.

By Theodore Dahle.

PHONETIC REVISION OF THE BRITISH SPELING BOOK.

Speling reform is again in the air. Professor Skeat, Mr. William Archer, Dr. Macnamara, M.P., Sir William Ramsay, Professor Gilbert Murray, Dr. Furnival, Mr. Carnegie, and others are in the forefront of the resuscitated movement. I am delighted, however, to learn from Mr. Archer, the secretary of the Simplified Speling Society, that the new orthography iz not to b forced upon us in one akt. Speaking for myself, I am prepared to spel al the old words in a nu way without further notis, and be done with the job once and for al. But there ar uthers. The English peepl, as a whole, prefer evolution to revolution. "Always put off for fifty years what you can do to-day" is their motto. They are a cautious people. They hasten slowly. They prefer their reforms and their furniture on the instalment principle.

And, really, there is no partikular hurry for revolutionary changes in the speling book. Most of us never master it, and some of us never try to. Were I not compelled to respect diplomatic secrets, I could reveal the names of more than one member of Parliament who can spel as little as he can fly; whose personal orthography, viewed in the light of the standard requirements of the elementary schools, is a fearful and wonderful unconventionality. And what is his defence? He says he spelled that way at school, that he has been spelling that way ever since he left school, and he intends to go on speling that way until he dies. After all, we are a free people. A man is entitled to spell in the way which comes easiest to him. Any other way of spelling would be a drag on the literary graces.

There appears to have been a time when English was spelled as pronounced. According to the learned Skeat, Anglo-Saxon, Latin, and every other European language had a phonetic basis. This was probably in the mind of that gentleman of the Press, who, note-book and pencil in hand, stood amid a crowd to report a noble orator. "Gentlemen," were the words which fell on his listening ear, "*amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed major veritas;*" and when the orator read his speech in the paper next morning he found the reporter had credited him with saying, "I may cuss Plato, I may cuss Socrates, said Major Veritas." But, in respect of Continental languages, some of us are much more troubled by the fact that they are not pronounced as they are spelled than that they are not spelled as they are pronounced. For instance, the guide-book tells us that when we reach the German customs an officer will utter the startling query, "*Haben Sie etwas Zollpflichtiges?*" whereas what he demands to know is "*Harbenseetvahtsollflichteges?*" Somehow these foreigners never will pronounce things properly, however they spell 'em.

The gravamen of the charge against the English language is that we pronounce it one way and spel it another. English speling used to b a science; now it iz an art; and the art iz mor diffikult than the science ever waz. In days agone we speld by ear; now we try to spel by sight, but forget what we have seen—hundreds of thousands of us do, anyhow. It would come kwite natural for us to spel fonetikaly. We kud hardly get rong. With a few years' praktis in fonetics, all the diffikult speling words would come easy. Now, some of us spel "beleeve," for instance, "believe," while others spel it "beleive." When a man said that he had enough snuff on his cuff, we should know that the right way to spel it waz "enuf snuf on his cuf." It wud be all as simpl as sheling p's.

Of course, there will be a few trifling difficulties which The S.S.S. will have to settle even when we get our orthography on a phonetic basis. And one of them will be with words of the same sounds, but different meanings. It is true that what's bred in the bone comes out in the oven; but it is indubitably untrue that what's bread in the oven comes out in the bone, though I admit it may come out in the sausage. Furthermore, what's read in the paper is not red in the joint, or what's led in the battle is not lead in the gas-pipe. Distinctions of this kind could, however, be left by general understanding for speling as now. I confess I do not know how, if we are to spel as we pronounce, this beautiful language of ours is to settle with the Scotch, the Welsh, the Irish, the man of Lancashire, the man of Dorset, the man of Norfolk, and the man of Yorkshire. I cannot pronounce the Welsh as it is spelt. Heaven help me if I had to spell it as it is pronounced.

The Kailyard school did the speling for awhile on behalf of bonny Scotland, but it is now dead. Tennyson tried to do the speling for the northern farmer. Thomas Hardy has made bold effort for East Anglia. The names of the spellers for Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Shoreditch are legion. But in none of these cases is the speling reliable, for the simple reason that every dialect has sounds which cannot be accurately expressed in speling by any combination of English letters. Certainly, if we are to have phonetic speling at all we must have it standarised, and that will be the final blow to dialects. The S.S.S. will have to start work in Dorset, to take a case, by teaching children to spell words, not as they are pronounced, but as they should be pronounced. But already native county speech is disappearing before the schoolmaster, and by the time we all commence to spell as we speak, it may be that dialects will have disappeared altogether. And, whatever may be the gain, that will be a loss to regret.

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This stove is absolutely safe and satisfactory in every way, and is the product of long experience and experiment. With it you can have either steam, hot-air, medicated or perfumed baths. I have sold thousands of these stoves to users of other cabinets.

You sit in the bath, heat it, enjoy the warmth, secure free action of the pores, and when you feel the bath has done its work, open out, take tepid or cold sponge, and cool off. After a bath you will sleep like a top.

You have the bath in your own home. You have not to give two hours to going to the nearest Turkish bath. You have not the unpleasantness of sitting in hot rooms with many strangers under conditions somewhat nauseating to sensitive people. Nor do you breathe an atmosphere contaminated with the poison drawn out of other people's bodies.

Now, I am an enthusiast about this bath because I use it. So does my family. So do my friends. And I have a bundle of testimonials which would keep you busy for a day from people who sing the praises of this bath.

You spend money on baths, medicines, treatment at hydros, and visits to the sea, spa, and country for your health's sake; and you have to spend your money before you have a chance to find out whether the treatment is any good to you. Yet you can try my Cabinet for nothing for a week, and see whether it is any good to you. If you accept my offer send a postal order, money order, or cheque payable to my Company, The Gem N. Supplies Co., Ltd., 22, Pear Tree Street, Goswell Road, London, E.C.—[ADVT.]

BULL'S EYES.

Some Unfounded and Confounded Rumours.

That the Kaiser has been having a spanking time.
That the Port of London Bill will not be a heavy one.
That Seymour's latest move will prove an Hicks-pensive experiment.
That "Roots for the routes," is now the District Railway motto.
That Alexander Stewart Gray is a "time"-server.
That the Crown Prince of Germany takes no interest in heirships.
That the "passing" of the Licensing Bill is at hand.
That the Duke of Abruzzi thinks there is too much *pere* about his pairing.
That the education difficulty is not a Rule of Three problem.
That the London Electricity Bill is a case of "volt-ing ambition."
That the *Academy* wants an editor.

The Baptists pay quite a lot of missionaries in India. Anna-Baptists?

A great deal of trouble is being taken by the papers to tell us how wireless telephones work. What we really want to know is why our "wired" ones *won't* work.

When we get lady chauffeurs, shall we get Car-eases?

The Yankee idea of "largeness" is $.

The New York barber who has opened a "Black Eye Hospital," should describe himself as a knockulist.

"There is nothing the Englishman likes better than dressing up," says Louis N. Parker. Except, perhaps, "dressing down" somebody.

"My wife's eyes did not suit the colour of the wall-paper, so I gave up the flat," said a defendant at Brentford County Court. He was particular to a shade.

"Mayors and Provosts Dine," says a morning paper. They are only human, after all.

"The Unemployed Problem" is a misnomer surely. It is the hardest-worked thing on earth, just now.

Affairs at the Poplar Sick Asylum seem to have been all Higley-piggely.

The Premier was afraid of the barmaid claws.

"Meat Crisis Ended," we read. All bones picked, of course.

A vicar and a farmer recently tied for the post of guardian, and tossed up for it. A sporting parson.

"Stamp collecting is the silliest of all hobbies," says Joseph Lyall. But it is for the benefit of post-ages.

Military prisoners at Rennes have mutinied on the ground that making paper bags is too hard. They can't stick them.

"Doctors and farmers never have a slack time," says Dr. Wm. Trickett. Are they always tight?

When Judge Bacon says "There is no age of innocence," it is of course, only his gammon.

Wanted to know: If you take a man's word, how can he keep it?

The Yorkshire ploughman who was attacked by a big gannet, and killed it, now says the bird began it.

"The Plot to Destroy London," reads an *Evening News* placard. Not a building plot, evidently.

The decision to substitute margarine for butter in the Bristol workhouse has put the fat in the fire.

The fact that a municipal candidate who boasted that he had never "drunk alcohol, smoked, or walked out with a woman," received twenty-three votes, shows that there are at least twenty-four fools in Blackpool.

An Anglo-American exhibition is to be held at Earl's Court next year. But we had one at the White City this year.

Someone has applied for a patent for "improvements in and relating to toys for cats." Funny dog!

"To-day we dress, to-morrow we die," says Violet Hunt. But some dye before they dress.

A Mr. and Mrs. Archer celebrated their diamond wedding recently. A pair of long-beaux.

A "Professor Kent" has been fined £10 or a month for practising palmistry. Kent should have hopped.

Lord Curzon is to have a "long rest." He took the "cue" from his medical advisers.

Mr. J. London argues that no man should be allowed to marry who is not insured. This is putting a premium on matrimony.

A mad steer charged a cyclist at Barnstaple. Usually the cyclist does the "mad steer" act himself.

"English politicians are shrewd," says a Madrid journal. Shouldn't it be "shrewed" in these days of women agitators?

The steam collier *Reggie* ran ashore off Bere Island recently, but the result was not a teetotal wreck.

A FREE TRIAL OF A NEW CURE FOR ASTHMA AND CATARRH.

DISCOVERER'S OFFER OF £5,000.

A SIMPLE HOME CURE WHICH EVERY SUFFERER CAN ADOPT.

So many methods of treatment for Asthma, Catarrh, and affections of the bronchial tubes have been put forward from time to time, only to disappoint everyone—including their promoters—that it is extremely gratifying to at last give information respecting a Treatment which has the great merit of certainty in its effects.

The Hyde-Browne (naso-bronchial) Treatment, which is the subject of this announcement, has emerged triumphantly from extended tests—close and crucial scientific trials—and, consequently, the Hyde-Browne Treatment may now justly be entitled to the appellation of the "Once-for-all Cure."

A Great Demand.

The Hyde-Browne Treatment is a comparatively new discovery, but already it has cured many people of their Asthma, or their Catarrh, and through their testimonies applications are pouring in for a course of this wonderful Treatment.

For the use of sufferers, an interesting booklet has been prepared setting forth all that may be required to be known concerning the object and application of the Hyde-Browne Treatment. This booklet will be sent free to all enquirers.

A Scientific Foundation.

The reason for the remarkable effectiveness of this remedy in its curative action on Asthma, Catarrh, and kindred troubles is its foundation on scientific fact. £5,000 has been offered to anyone who can controvert its scientific basis, or prove that the principle of its application for the destruction of bacteria and irritating particles from the nasal and bronchial passages is not supported by expert medical testimony.

Further, there is an offer of a fortnight's free trial to any victim of Asthma, Catarrh, and bronchial affections who cares to write for it, stating his or her age and sex, and giving full particulars of symptoms. Unless the promoters of the Hyde-Browne Treatment were sure of curing practically all cases, they would not be likely to incur this heavy financial risk.

When we know what many victims to these baneful and miserable complaints would give to be relieved from their sufferings, it becomes a matter of surprise to find that the low cost of the Hyde-Browne Treatment brings it within the reach of all. Write to-day about the free trial or for booklet.

Address: The HYDE-BROWNE INSTITUTE (Dept. 43), Albion House, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.—[Advt.]

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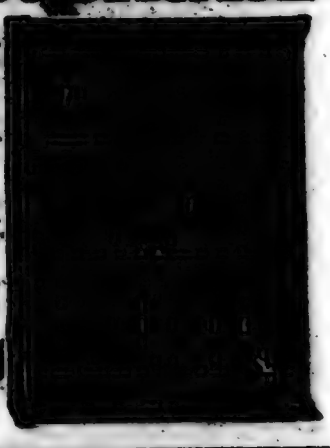
Preserve your books—keep them in a "GUNN" Sectional Bookcase where they will be easily accessible, free from dust, and displayed in perfect taste. The "Gunn" is built up in sections—one at a time—always complete in appearance, no matter how many extra sections are added. Fitted with sliding detachable glass doors.

The "GUNN" Sectional Bookcase is First in Quality, Material, Workmanship and VALUE, yet it costs no more than inferior makes.

Write for Descriptive Booklet No. 67 for full particulars and prices. Sent post free.

WM. ANGUS & CO., Ltd., 61, Paul Street, Finsbury, LONDON, E.C.



HOLDING THE RECORD

despite imitations. That is the honour still held by Catesbys' Cork Lino. It is a fact worthy of being generally known, that Catesbys' Cork Lino is thriving on fair and unfair Competition. No doubt this is because of the wide publicity given unconsciously by local Tradesmen to this famous household commodity introduced by the House of Catesby. The imitation Lino proves a delusion, and subsequently the disappointed purchaser comes to us for the Real and Original Cork Lino—that always gives complete satisfaction. Moral: Come straight here and avoid disappointment. Book of designs and samples Post Free.

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is printed above the trade-mark on all

BLACK CAT

Pure Matured Virginia—Mild

CIGARETTES

and is our guarantee that the tobacco used is

the famous 1904 crop

—the best ever grown in Virginia.

No finer Virginia Cigarettes can be found anywhere than Black Cat Virginia (with the Maltese Cross). No other Virginia Cigarette contains the tobacco from the 1904 crop, because Carreras bought the lot—every particle of this fine Virginia Crop lying in this country. This 1904 tobacco has been maturing for four years, and it is now in the finest possible condition—mild, yet full of fragrance.

The taste and aroma of the Maltese Cross Black Cat Cigarettes is a revelation to the Cigarette smoker. Few have tasted the true flavour of real matured Virginia tobacco (we don't mean the rubbish from Virginia, but the full, matured natural flavour of the exquisite 1904 crop). This flavour only happens about once in ten years.

Gosh! You ought to hear the tobacco experts "rave" about the 1904 Virginia—but enough. Just go into your tobacconist and get Black Cat Virginia with the Maltese Cross. We want you to be the judge.

THE QUEEN'S CHRISTMAS GIFT BOOK.

We present a copy of this interesting Book in exchange for 100 empty packets and paper sealing bands from Black Cat Virginia Cigarettes. Particulars will be sent on application to "The Queen's Gift Book," Carreras, Ltd., 42, St. James' Place, Aldgate, London, E.C.

Black Cat Virginia Cigarettes

(with the Maltese Cross)

✠ Test a Maltese Cross Black Cat with any Virginia Cigarette at any price—we stand by your decision. Do it to-day.

10 for 3d.

✠ Ten Maltese Cross Black Cat Virginia Cigarettes at 3d. are better than any Virginia Cigarettes sold at 10 for 1s. Why waste money?

FREE. 30 SAMPLES 2D

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I have devoted my life to the study and cure of Epilepsy. Every case is treated individually and receives my personal attention. The treatment is simple—results certain. My medicine contains no Bromide of Potassium or Poison. Write for proofs and Full Particulars *sent Post Free.* DR. GILBERT DALE, 46, Parliament Chambers, St. Swithin St., Westminster, London, S.W.

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We have always a large number of High-Grade Positions open in Clerical, Technical, Organising, and Travelling capacities—positions carrying salaries of from £150-£1,000—and we want to hear from really High-Grade Men who are capable of filling them. If you are a man possessed of Special Ability, write us to-day.

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FREE! FREE! FREE!

SEND NO MONEY.

THIS Real Disc Machine and three records given you for simply selling 72 of our new range of Penny Xmas and New Year Cards.

We are also giving away Watches, Rings, Air Guns, Musical Instruments, etc.

IT NEED NOT COST YOU A PENNY OF YOUR OWN MONEY.

Send name and address (a postcard will do) and we will send per return 72 Xmas and New Year Cards together with our Xmas presents list.

Don't Delay.

Send To-day.

When sold remit us the money and we will give you a prize from our list, containing over 100 beautiful gifts. If you do not wish a phonograph you may make any other selection from our new presents list.

NEW CARD CO. (Dept. 73),

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XMAS LOANS A SPECIALITY.

It is essential that applications for loans should be made at once to avoid delay. WM. STANLEY & CO., 271 & 273, Oxford Street, LONDON, W., the old firm of lenders, advance daily from £20 to £5,000. Lowest possible charges. Easy repayment. Distance no object. Strictest privacy. 'Phone, Gerrard 628.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

JOHN BULL SIX PER CENTS.—*Readers desirous of acquiring a proprietary interest in* JOHN BULL *are referred to the notice at end of our City article, on page 539.*

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Owing to the great increase in the number of* ENQUIRIES *received, consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag." The Editor will, however, in special cases, endeavour to reply by post to those correspondents who forward a stamped addressed envelope. When answers already standing in type have been published,* ONLY THOSE OF GENERAL INTEREST *will appear. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" material, newspaper cuttings, &c., which will be duly acknowledged in these columns.*

£1,000 REWARD for the name and address—or the body—of the anonymous reader who writes, apropos our reference to Ranji and his English debts, "he is too good a sportsman to plead the *Jaming Act*."

R. B. C. (Dublin) AND MANY OTHERS.—The "Phonic Musical Warehouse" is a gang of some of the most audacious swindlers of modern times. The 2s. 4d. they ask you to send is really in payment of a piece of music not worth more than 2d.—not of the phonograph a picture of which embellishes their notepaper. We should advise you to communicate with the police.

E. A. (Fulham) tells us that he and five friends recently appeared at a fancy dress ball clothed in JOHN BULL "Abode of Love" contents bills, personifying Mr. Pigott, Glory, Power, and other inmates of the Agapemone, and we are not surprised to hear that they had to clear off in taxi-cabs. Had they anything to do with the recent raid?

W. W. F. (Upper Holloway) says that he and a few friends, including three ladies, went on Hampstead Heath to see the bonfires on "The Fifth," and were at once surrounded by a gang of ruffians, who indecently assaulted the ladies. This is not the first complaint we have received respecting the state of the Heath at night, and the police must look to it.

H. S. (Hackney) wants a biscuit for the missionary in charge of the Shoreditch Wesleyan Mission, for stating in his report for 1908, "We are in the middle of the lake and are rowing hard, but we have lashed ourselves to the mast, and there we will remain." He also suggests a second biscuit for giving the address of the "Resident" Pastor as 41, Elmstead Road, Seven Kings. We will consider both suggestions.

A. B. (Gillingham) wants us to comment on the fact that gingerbeer was drunk at the Gillingham mayoral lunch, in deference to the views of the teetotal mayor. But comment is superfluous.

H. D. (London) wants a whole box of biscuits for the *Evening News* in reference to the dimensions of the Cullinan diamond. But H. D. has mistaken decimal points for commas.

M. L. (Edinburgh) sends us some very beautiful Ingersoll postcards, representing the great writer and orator with his grandchildren on his shoulder, and containing his "essayette" on Love.

B. R. (Northampton).—Unfortunately, no note was taken of the other speeches at the Bradlaugh Dinner.

H. St. J. (Sunderland).—We agree with much that you say *re* the theatrical profession, and think it rough on the girls already engaged that so many outsiders should now be invited to come in.

E. H. (Wimbledon).—You must have a nye like a nork.

M. R. (Hungerford), F. L. J. (Woking) and A. L. W.—We have had pleasure in awarding the biscuit.

"ENGLISHMAN" (Liverpool) tells us that he has been employed as a waiter in the Midland Railway Company's hotels for five years, and there they get good fresh tea—and no second mashing. On every occasion upon which he has complained to Mr. Frank Towle, the manager of the hotels, to redress a grievance, he has been treated with justice. The only comment we make is that we should like to see similar treatment accorded to the train attendants.

J. H. S. (Doncaster).—We agree with much that you say on the Licensing question, but we have had about enough of it for the present.

W. S. (Radlett).—Thanks for information, but everybody is getting very tired of the Licensing Bill.

"SERVATO FIDEM" (Shepherd's Bush) writes protesting that in all cases references had to be forthcoming before members of Mr. Kiralfy's staff were engaged. We are glad to hear it.

H. M. (Newport).—"Rhymesticks"—fiddlesticks!

A. S. B. (Birmingham) calls attention to the fact that after our Editor's name in the Parliamentary report of the *Birmingham Gazette and Express* appears the letter "U," from which he assumes that the Editor has "gone over" to the Unionists. As a matter of fact, the U simply stood for "Undashed."

A. C. (Ipswich).—It was certainly funny of the *Essex County Standard* to chaff a contemporary about a "bloomer," and then itself publish an account of a funeral, ending up with "English hothouse grapes 1s. a pound, and good young fowls 2s. 3d. each."

Billiards at Home.

You can place one of these tables on your dining room table and lift it off and store against the wall when it is not wanted. In every respect it is a perfect reproduction of the full-sized match table, and gives exactly the same game.

There is no game which gives such continued fascination as Billiards, for fresh possibilities and fresh strokes are always being discovered. Ladies can play this as well as their husbands and brothers. It is a game of skill, combining amusement with recreation.

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To place on your own Dining Table (as Illustrated).

CASH OR EASY PAYMENTS.

Superior Billiard Table in Solid Mahogany, French Polished, Best Slate Bed, Adjustable Feet, Rubber Shod, Low Frost-proof Rubber Cushions, Two Cues, Marking Board, Rest, Ivory or Crystalate Balls, &c.

Size ft. in.		ft. in.	Cash Price.		
4 4	by	2 4 ...	£3 7 6	Or in 13 Monthly Payments as here shown, being only 5 per cent. on Cash Price.	13 Monthly payments of 5/6
5 4	"	2 10 ...	4 7 6		" " 7/6
6 4	"	3 4 ...	5 5 0		" " 8/6
7 4	"	3 10 ...	7 5 0		" " 11/6
8 4	"	4 4 ...	12 0 0		" " 18/6

Delivered, Carriage Paid, to any Railway Station at our risk. No charge for Packages. LISTS FREE. Folding Bagatelle Tables from 30/-.

RILEY'S BILLIARD AND DINING TABLES (COMBINED).

Fitted with Riley's Patent Action for Raising, Lowering and Levelling. A Handsome piece of Furniture as a Dining Table and a high-class Billiard Table. Made in Mahogany, Oak, Walnut, etc. Prices range from £12 12s. to £24 12s., according to size of Table. Cash or easy payments. Full details in List sent on application.

BILLIARD TABLE RESTING ON DINING TABLE.

FREE On receipt of postcard, full detailed Illustrated Catalogue of Billiard and Dining Tables, & small or full-sized Table and Sundries.

Record all-round break is still held by John Roberts on Riley's table.

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Instant Relief in Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and Whooping Cough by the use of Potter's Asthma Cure, in 1/- Tins. Sold everywhere. For FREE SAMPLE send post card to POTTER & CLARKE, LTD., Artillery Lane, London, E. (Mention this Magazine.

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Superior to anything else on the market for flight and endurance. The Latest and Best.

SAMPLE BALLS 2/- EACH. 22/- DOZ. A TRIAL IS PROOF.

Only Makers and Patentees—

SCIENTIFIC GOLF CO.,

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PROMPT PRIVATE ADVANCES.

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The Nobility, Gentry, Professional Men, and Tradesmen requiring an advance should apply personally or by letter to

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Through East to West, from coast to the west
Our tea never varies
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PEARKS' TEA

ON SALE AT

PEARKS' STORES.

BRANCHES IN EVERY LOCALITY.

Head Offices: 6, BAYER ST., LONDON, E.C.

"NEDAHH" (Wood Green).—The non-numbering of some of the covers of the issue referred to has been explained in a previous issue.

W. F. N. (Brighton).—We cannot advise you to send money to the Totalizator Company.

"VIOLET" (Liverpool) sends us "a cure for love," and says we are to "skim it with the spoon of melancholy and cork it with the cork of sound conscience." We will set about this at once.

"NAUGHTY GAL" (Broadcasbury) says that "the nearer to the wind you get so does the chance of capsizing diminish." How very naughty!

H. S. H. (Coventry).—We have not tried the pills you mention.

T. H. S. (Kent) says that Jonathan Nicholson is a "money shark" who edits a monthly magazine called *Vitality*, which is "full of advertisements of his own so-called health cures." He wishes someone would tell him of a cure for neurasthenia. Why not try Christian Science?

H. R. (London).—We know nothing of the two concerns you enquire about, but should advise caution.

A. G. R. (Plumstead).—We quite agree with the policy of planting trees at a time when so many people are out of work.

R. H. (Hanley).—*If* you see it in JOHN BULL it is so.

A. F. M. (Hanley).—We quite agree that it was bad form to attack the dead. Perhaps we will have a go at the editor. Perhaps not.

G. W. O (Doncaster).—We blush. What about next year's Leger?

M. J. G. (Bath).—Hasn't Mr. Tranter got one letter too many in his name? Poor Sir Tom!

J. M. P. (Harrogate).—You see the Bill hasn't passed yet—and evidently the Probate authorities don't think it will.

P. L. (Neath).—We are sorry you have been fined for Sunday trading. Do you ever take a rest?

"INTERESTED" (Stoke Newington) says that the word "pull" is placed on each side of the door so that it "may not be pushed against another coming from the opposite direction, greatly to his inconvenience and perhaps injury, if not bodily perhaps to his dignity." But if two people coming from two different directions obeyed the injunction, they would merely engage in a tug-of-war, and might go on pulling till the crack of doom.

G. D. H. (Nottingham) informs us that "the penalty of sailing too close to the wind is stopping dead, running into the wind, or getting in irons." That be blowed!

F. W. (West Ealing) saw one of Carter, Paterson's horses dislocate its shoulder and remain for hours in the street. He communicated with the S.P.C.A., but they said they could not prosecute as the animal remained there under police supervision. We do not see what that has to do with it.

P. R.B. wants us to eat a biscuit for the following: "A lady received £93 compensation for loss of her little *toe*. But she can now wear shoes a size smaller." Does our correspondent imagine that the lady possessed only one pair of shoes?

W. E. S. (Clapham) says he saw a notice, "DANGER. STEEP INCLINE," at the top of a hill. He thinks this ought to be "decline." But hills go up as well as down, so we decline to arbitrate.

A. E. M. (Gloucester).—We are not surprised that you are not allowed out of your house.

W. B. B. (South Wales) apologises for pointing out "such an obvious fact" as that people should be invited to pull both sides of a door. Perhaps he is a strong man.

W. R. H. (Braintree) points out that the termination "eth" can be used for plural verbs, and instances the Winchester motto, "Manners maketh man." We thought it was "makyth."

J. M. (Euston Road) asks us to excuse his "precociousness" for awarding us a biscuit for a misprint of one letter and asks us whether we have the "grit to do so." What on earth does he mean?

T. R. (Gorseinon) wants to know how to find a missing brother who has an Army pension. He had better write to the Secretary of State for War at the War Office.

"INQUIRER" (Surbiton) has been told that it is pedantic to write "inquire." We should not have thought so, but Dr. Johnson said "it is now more commonly written enquire," and he wrote a long time ago. What does it matter anyhow?

"PHOTOAMATEUR" (Blackpool) says Queen Alexandra's photographs are "most excellent," particularly her skies. He is in the seventh heaven about them.

F. W. B. (Peckham).—You hit the nail slap on the head. Good luck.

"EH-AH."—We answer letters as fast as we can, but their name is Legion. We still think some of our generals leave room for improvement. Possess your soul in patience.

J. G. (Cadishead) draws our attention to a badly printed 3 on our cover. He is really very particular, not to say peculiar.

R. J. O. (Wood Green).—We do not recommend the cures for asthma advertised by Dr. Rudd, Fort Wayne (U.S.A.), or James Allison (115, Strand), or anyone else.

H. T. G. (London, N.W.).—We rather like the *Globe's* report that, when asked if they were represented by counsel or by solicitors, "the defendants replied severely in the negative." They evidently knew what they were about.

T. C. E. (Dorchester) thinks it would be a good plan to shut up Kensit and Co. when there is another congress. He complains that Court Clarence of the Ancient Order of Foresters have made a new rule that members who have received £50 in money from the time of their admission to the club shall be excluded for two years.

"TWO TO OWN STANDARD" (Durban) tells us about a number of German sailors who climbed a cliff right up to a battery out there, and, when challenged, explained that they were seeking green stuff for decorations. He points that they could have found plenty of green stuff without the trouble of climbing. Official green stuff, perhaps.

R. L. R. (Ventnor).—It was quite funny of the *Isle of Wight Advertiser* to mention "the strains of the wedding march," and to say that "the bridegroom was a gold watch chain." We hope the bride wore him round her neck.

E. W. B. (Darlington) informs our Brockley correspondent that the late W. E. Forster was buried in God's Acre, Burley-in-Wharfedale, and not at Menston, near Otley.

I. G. A. (Kensington).—We agree that it was silly to permit English limerick lotteries which are not supervised by Government, and to interfere with foreign State-lottery tickets. All the same, there is a good deal of trickery in connection with the sale of those tickets

The Electric Cure is Popular.

AS PLEASANT AS IT IS EFFECTIVE.

It is grand to put on an electric battery while lying down resting, and feel its exhilarating influence in every nerve and muscle. There is no inconvenience attached to it in any way. One hour's daily application is sufficient. There is not the slightest shock or irritation, but a gentle, soothing warmth that goes direct to the nerve centres. That kind of electricity cures, and the cure it gives is permanent.

People will sometimes try an ordinary battery—made, no doubt, for commercial purposes—or a shocking-current, which irritates the nerves, and conclude that electricity is not suitable. It will not do any good in that form. The current must be given without shock—without irritation of any kind—and in this way the very weakest individuals can be built up.

No person is too weak to use electricity. In such cases a longer building up process is required. But the results are just as certain as water is to extinguish a fire when applied in sufficient quantities. If a proper battery is used, it is possible to supply a very strong current, free from all inconveniences.

How much more pleasant is it to be cured in this way, while resting, than to be pouring medicine into the poor weakened stomach until it is impossible to do without it. This drug habit grows on one like the whisky habit, and no wonder, as alcohol forms the chief ingredient of many preparations. It is simply adding more poison to the weakened organs. Why not stop it?

Rheumatic sufferers, those crippled with Lumbago, Sciatica, or Gout; the victim of weakened stomach, kidneys, liver, bowels or bladder; the person with the shattered nervous system, and suffering from Paralysis, Epilepsy, Neurasthenia, Insomnia, Neuralgia, or heart trouble, should seek a restoration to health in the electric cure. Don't say: "It might not do me any good!" It will do you good if you resort to the right means. It will cure you.

There is a book for free distribution among all readers of JOHN BULL, which covers this subject fully. You should not be without it if you are not in possession of perfect health. It tells the cause of weakness and disease, and how a cure can be gained. It describes the most successful remedy known—the "Ajax" Dry-Cell Body Battery. The history of many cases is sent with the book. It costs you nothing to get it.

Write at once to The British Electric Institute (Dept. 42), 25, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., and you will receive by return post the most valuable book ever published on the subject. It is sent in a plain, sealed envelope. If near enough to call, please come and test the power of electricity free.—[ADVT.]

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MEANS something more than what the eye sees. Wear and the comfort the overcoat gives form a vital feature. Unless the garment wears well and keeps you warm, it is useless. We are so earnest over this overcoat question that we should like you to talk the matter over with us. Our offer to you is an overcoat that is a perfect overcoat, because it fits well, follows fashion's law, and gives long service, looks smart, and keeps you snug. We offer a variety of fabrics, and men of modest means find the price as fitting as the fit. Write for special Autumn and Winter patterns, and with them we will send self-measurement form, book of styles, and whether you buy on Easy Terms or secure the Cash discount of 2s. in the £, we pay carriage to your door.

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Nothing is so appetising as the added flavour of Bracknell's Club Sauce to Soups, Cold Meats, Stews, etc. It promotes appetite, aids digestion, and is absolutely pure.

Per 8 oz. bottle. **6d.** Of all Grocers.

If any difficulty in obtaining, send two stamps and name of your grocer, and a sample bottle will be sent post free by G. & S. BRACKNELL (Dept. 2), Brandon Road, King's Cross, London.

Miss L. C. C. (Stroud Green) says we hear a great deal about the selfishness of ladies with large hats, "but what about snuff-takers?" Three times lately she has been travelling in the two-horsed bus, and has been "overcome with the confection of snuff being inhaled by the nasal organs of elderly gentlemen. The last delinquent sat next to a lady who was under a Buffalo Bill hat. Whether the feathers irritated the snuff-taker," she says, "I do not know, but he took an extra dose of the powder. I sneezed. The lady under the hat sneezed. A gentleman next to me sneezed and blamed the Indian summer." Our fair correspondent does not wish to deprive old gentlemen of their snuff, but thinks they ought to be outside the cars when they are up to snuff. We beg to refer Miss L. C. C. to the County Council.

X. (Glasgow).—Thanks for the cutting about "a spirit-sister and thought flowers." What a lot of lunatics remain at large!

W. R. (Thornton Heath).—About 10,000 people have sent us that biscuit, so you are only entitled to a very small fraction of nothing at all.

C. J. L. (Ryde) sends the following sentence for punctuation: "It was and I said not or," and asks, with many interjections, "How about Newcastle?" We beg to refer him to the Irish voters and offer him a coal.

J. M. (Glasgow) wants to know why most of our guineas go to England. Probably because most of our readers live there.

"Gee Gee" (Hornsey).—The two halves of the diamond may have been equal before they were cut. If you are too clever, you may get cut yourself.

E. M. N. (Plymouth) has received an "award" from the British Premium Company—whose swindling methods we have frequently exposed. We have already explained how genuine signatures are obtained by this kind of people.

S. L. H. (Gravesend).—Who knows? Your address is certainly appropriate.

H. S. C. (Gospel Oak) and F. W. L. (Shepherds Bush).—Hang the advertisements!

A. S. P. (Sunderland).—"The Irish Pictorial Card Co." are artful cards and well-known practitioners of the gentle art of spoof.

W. A. V. Streatham) and "Justice" (Chester).—We have applied to the printer the necessary propulsion from behind.

"Cobbler" (Northampton).—The Editor is now undergoing special training for a portrait supplement, but at the moment he is too busy "sitting" elsewhere. No more "Jim Crow Almanacks," thank you.

C. B. P. (Crawley).—Quite right. Go up one.

W. I. (Watford).—Did we say the hymn was the "invention" of the East Flushley Church? If so, we forgot that there is nothing new under the sun.

R. G. B. (Aldershot) thinks, apropos our "Abode of Love" disclosures, that, to be consistent, we should advocate police inspection of all convents, monasteries and other religious institutions. He thinks Smyth-Pigott is honest and straightforward in comparison with some of the other religious communities. Rather a strong order.

F. D. (Birmingham) sends us a sample of Protectionist literature which has been circulated in his town, and draws our attention to the assertion that Mr. Lloyd George has been converted to Tariff Reform. What a joke!

T. K. D. (Lincoln) wishes Jim Crow would sleep for ever, and pictures him as follows: "Stout, rather florid, very healthy about the nose, short cut hair (like a convict), and about 5ft. 6in. short." He must guess again. We have shown the letter to Jim, who says he is not surprised to hear that the dog is a Socialist.

J. M. (Brixton).—A "monetary glimpse of the King" is funny, particularly as it occurred in the land of the bawbees.

A. L. P. (Shepherd's Bush).—We are not editorially responsible for signed articles, but in this case we agree rather with Mr. Owen than with yourself. Why don't you go for him direct?

A. M. McN. (Brixton).—Don't be down-hearted. The Bill is a long way yet from becoming law.

J. G (Lewisham).—We hope you are not suggesting that John Bull is "a hideous human document."

G. W. (Edinburgh) says that, if we were a woman, he would fall in love with us. Perhaps he would like to take Mrs. Bull off our hands. The warning about Temperance Day at the Edinburgh Exhibition was duly taken to heart by Jim Crow. We certainly do not understand why visitors should have been annoyed in that way to gratify a few frowsy fanatics.

F. G. M. (Edmonton).—It is quite usual to allude to a lady as chairman. You would not call her charwoman?

J. K. R. (Hitchin).—The *Star* was probably having its annual jest.

H. S. R. (Hornsey) sends us a violent attack on the Pope for having deprecated newspaper reading. We quite agree with H. S. R. that the freedom of the press has done much to assist human progress, but at the same time we agree with his Holiness that most of us read too many newspapers nowadays. Infection by the yellow press is almost as dangerous to the mind as yellow fever is to the body.

A. H. (Manchester), G. S. P. (Kudat, British North Borneo), F. W. M. (Dundee), J. D. B. (Acton), H. R. J. (Edinburgh), C. C. (Birmingham), H. J. W. (Leeds), F. L. W. (Leicester), E. W. (Birmingham), C. F. B. (Hitchin), W. J. V. D. (Hackney Downs), F. H. (Sunderland), A. R. (Earl's Court Square), J. W. J. (Walsall), W. R. (Barking). "An Admirer of John Bull" (Hackney), W. P. S. (Westminster), J. R. B. (Holloway), J. W. (Dublin), R. E. R. (Gravesend), E. M. F. T. (Leeds), S. B. W. (Belfast), "Mac" (Swanage), G. W. B. (Fenstanton), Miss V. E. (Shaftesbury Avenue), N. E. B. B. (Leeds), W. S. S (Redhill), J. M. (Torquay), J. B. (Balham), M. B. (Guernsey), "Well-Wisher" (Brixton), A. B. (London, N.W.), S. E. C. (Hornse), "Jumbo," and W. C. L. (Cardiff). We hope to hear from you again later on.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

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SOLSPA
THE NEW INTERNAL CURE FOR RHEUMATISM

Awarded Diplomas of Honour, Grand Prix and Gold Medals, Paris Exhibition, 1908.

Genoa Exhibition, 1908.

London Exhibition, 1908.

RHEUMATISM
SCIATICA, LUMBAGO

threatens—often unsuspected—our systems, and unless early warded off, will make its dread presence felt. Doctors can tell you that the cause of Rheumatism may—unless checked in time—become the predisposing influence to Gout, Asthma, Eczema, Diabetes, and many throat troubles now merely attributed to damp days or wet feet. But IT COMES HOME TO YOU more surely when some morning you find it hard to dress properly, and only with difficulty manage to hobble downstairs because of strange aches and pains. Yesterday you felt quite well, but now Rheumatism has claimed you—it often does with dramatic suddenness because you have neglected its warnings for many weeks.

"Solspa"—taken in time—would have prevented this attack. It would have eradicated the cause of the mischief from your system. But fortunately the virtues of "Solspa" do not end here. Not only before, but after the attack, has "Solspa" power to relieve and cleanse the system and CURE you altogether.

A Genuine Proof of one of the marvellous Cures Effected by "SOLSPA."

8, Chesterfield Gardens, W.,
January 20th, 1908.

"Solspa" Co.,—I suffered with Rheumatism for several years, but four bottles of "Solspa" have completely cured me.

Yours truly, F. KREH.

2, Mill Street, Osney, Oxford,
December 2nd, 1907.

Dear Sir,—Will you please send me another bottle of your "Solspa" at your earliest convenience. Have had Sciatica for the last five or six weeks, and your "Solspa" has given me more relief than anything else I have tried.

I am, yours, etc., Mrs. R. THOMPSON.

Price 1/1½ and 2/9 per bottle. The 2/9 size contains three times the quantity of 1/1½ size.

If not obtainable at your nearest chemist, send direct to

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Established 1851.
SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.
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Estd. 1883. SEND FOR PARTICULARS (1d. POSTCARD).
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GIFT TIME

's almost here—it is time to decide what to send to your **FRIENDS ABROAD.**

POST TO-DAY (Nov. 20), FOR AUSTRALIA.

All know how limited the easily and safely despatched articles are. Of these, nothing is so suitable as a

'SWAN' FOUNTPEN.

Young and old of either sex will heartily appreciate what is universally recognised as the standard of fountain pen excellence.

Prices 10/6 Upwards

Sold by Stationers and Jewellers.

The thousands of "Swan" Pen recipients last year and in previous years obtained thorough gratification and writing satisfaction for a lifetime.

XMAS CATALOGUE SENT FREE ON REQUEST. Write a p.c. now

MABIE, TODD & CO.,
79 & 80, High Holborn, London, W.C.
93, Cheapside, E.C.; 95a, Regent St., W. London; 3, Exchange St., Manchester; 19, Rue Neuve Brussels; Brentano's 37, Ave. de l'Opera, Paris; and at New York and Chicago.

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A Brand New Car

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CASH DOWN, and 12 Monthly Payments of £6 10s. 8d.

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Gate Change Control. Ball Bearings to Shafts. Self-Contained Radiators. Gear-driven Water Pumps. Push-Away Foot Pedals. Expanding Brakes. Artillery Wheels fitted with Dunlop Non-Slipping Tyres.

AN UNPRECEDENTED OFFER.
Only a limited number of these cars.

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The Recreation Game in Miniature

A Light Nourishment for General Use

'Allenburys' The DIET

Recommended for general use in place of ordinary milk foods, gruel, &c. It is very sustaining and nourishing and whilst acceptable to all as a light nourishment, it is especially helpful to the Invalid and Dyspeptic. The "Allenburys" DIET is a food for ADULTS and is quite distinct from the well-known "Allenburys" Foods for Infants.

In tins at 1/6 and 3/- of Chemists, &c. A large sample sent for 2 penny stamps.

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HARDY'S
BROMPTON CONSUMPTION AND COUGH SPECIFIC & LUNG SAVER
Price 1/1 & 2/9 of all Chemists or post free
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Supplied to the Aristocracy. 50 Years' Reputation
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DR. MARTIN'S
Miracletts
Reg'
A Guaranteed Cure for Summer Weakness.

Thousands of sufferers are sending for these wonderful little tablets and being cured—thoroughly cured—of all kinds of Nervous, Stomach, Liver and Kidney Complaints, Rheumatic Affections, Organic Weakness, &c. They are a quick, safe and certain remedy, a real elixir of life. In bottles, 1/-, 2/6, 4/6 and 11/-. Send P.O. direct to us to-day. We will return your money if not quite satisfied.—Dept. U.
DR. MARTIN'S MEDICINE CO.,
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WHY SHOULD THE LADIES HAVE ALL THE BARGAINS?
You can secure some. Write for my Bargain List of real old Scotch whisky. The prices will surprise you.
JOHN MACARTHUR, Tarbert, Argyllshire, Scotland.

Our Christmas Box Scheme

See page iii of cover.

RACING NOTES.

By W. LOTHIAN.

("Larry Lynx" of "The People," and "Magpie" of "The Globe.")

Quite English, You Know.

At a recent big Toronto race meeting nearly all the stakes were titled after English noblemen or famous English thoroughbreds.

Lingfield's Heroine.

There is no gamer little animal in training than Impression, for she is excessively mean, weedy, ewe-necked, and poor; yet handsome is as handsome does, and, at last, after repeated placings and being on the book unbeatable, she has proved her genuineness by substantiating her popular owner's and hard-working trainer's opinion.

"Little" Owners —now.

It costs a tremendous lot of money to run horses without a chance—that is, out of their course—so as to get weight off for future races over their proper distance.

Very Noticeable of Late.

Some of our crack jockeys really seem to think that it is "wicked" for them to win a race by half a length, and they therefore cut it desperately fine. In contrast, it is apparently no sin in consequence to throw a race away, and a lot of other people's money into the gutter!

Prophetic.

Recent running, after all the best guide, especially at the back end—points to the great probability of WAVELLA winning the Stanley Nursery at Doncaster to-day (Thursday), COODHALL taking the Harewood Plate. On Friday

COLLEGE

must surely atone for Liverpool seconds in the Pawson Handicap, while now that he has taken to winning races and running kindly under a new jockey, LOVE CHARM may very well gain the Romsey Handicap at Folkestone. MASTER ROBIN—a little unlucky at Lingfield—is just the small "nippy" sort to hop off and pick up the Juvenile Plate. Hurst Park's Handicap will be materially governed by what has occurred while these jottings are in the linotyper's hands, for

DUKE OF SPARTA

may have been penalised or disgraced at Warwick. If neither is the case, the little horse must about win on Saturday, the danger to my mind being AUBERGINE, who never seems to begin quick enough. JOHN BULL did not give us a run for our money last time he was out, being left at the post. He runs here on Saturday in the Palace Handicap. As Hare is still standing down, Maher will again have the mount, and I hope my readers will get their own back with a good margin of profit; and then at Birmingham next week MAUVE PATCH will very likely show that she never had a fair chance at Lingfield. My ideas regarding the still further distant future is, that whatever can beat

CARGILL

WILL WIN the Manchester November Handicap.

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GOOD TERMS ON ALL METHODS.

Low Option Rates, English and French, and Quarterly Accounts Free of Interest. Pyramid Transactions.

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Deposits of £10 and upwards received as under:—

Subject to 3 months' notice of withdrawal 5 p.c. per ann.
" 6 " " " 6 "
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Special terms for longer periods. Interest paid quarterly.

Owing to the nature of our Investments, we are able to pay rates of interest on deposits that will compare favourably with dividends paid on almost any class of stock or share-holding insuring the safety of capital. We have been established for 38 years, and our position in the banking world to-day testifies to the success of our business methods, and to the satisfaction of our customers. Write or call for prospectus.

A. WILLIAMS and H. J. TAHL, Joint Managers.

YOU AND I

1d. A JOURNAL OF INTEREST TO ONE AND ALL. 1d.

£250 IN PRIZES

£100 FOR FIVE WORDS.

£100 for the reader who finishes this story best in NOT MORE THAN 5 WORDS. £15 for the next best finish, and 135 £1 Consolation Prizes for the 135 next best finishes by WEDNESDAY, NOV. 25th.

Miss Baker married Mr. Butcher, and the two set up as grocers. Mr. Butcher served the customers and Mrs. Butcher served him and the customers all said that . . . . .

What was it the Customers said? Think it out. If your idea is the best, there is **£100** waiting for you, and all you have to do is to fill up the Coupon below, and to send it, together with a Sixpenny Postal Order, to—

Prize Editor, "YOU and I," 67, Long Acre, London, W C.

All entries must be received not later than the first post on Wednesday, November 25th. RESULT will be published not later than December 1st.

RESULT OF THIRD COMPETITION.

First Prize of £100 to WILLIAM M. FOSTER, 55, Albert Embankment, Lambeth.

The Second Prize of £15 awarded to FRED T. WHITE, 280a, Woolwich Road, Charlton, Kent.

135 £1 Prizes to the following:—

JOHN P. HAMMOND, 6, Ely Place, Dublin.
T. S. MANCHESTER, 32, Snow Hill, Melton Mowbray.
J. H. WILLIAMS, Gloster House, Thornbury, Gloster.
J. MALCOLM, 9, Forster St., Gainsborough.
MRS. H. COTTERELL, 16, Trysall Rd., Bradmore, W'hptn
DAVID JONES, 16, Fountain St., Ferndale, Glam.
MRS. ROSE A. HOY, 50, Victoria Rd., S. Shields, D'rh'm.
WALTER NEWMAN, 35, Keppel Rd., Chorlton-cum-Hdy
JOS. LAFLIN, c.o. Mrs. Wallace, 22, Morgan St., D'ndee
H. J. FLETCHER, 17 Ct. 4 House, Gt. Brook St., B'ham
R. C. CALCUTT, 2 Bk. of 32, Dugdale St., Birmingham.
MRS. E. M. BENNETT, 3 St. Helen's Rd., Swansea.
CHAS. WATTS, 34, Blatchington Rd., Hove.
MRS. WICKES, 3, St. Helen's Gdns., N. Kensington.
THOS. SPROT, 4, Old Station House, Amble, N'land.
WM. T. YOUNG, The Mount, Krewall, Cheshire.
F. STEVENS, 41, Crosswells Rd., Langley, Birmingham.
MISS R. MAYHEW, 2, Market Pl., Bush Hill Pk., Enfield.
W. C. PRATCHETT, 12, Maria St., Harwich, Essex.
G. BREADMORE, 33, Maynard Rd., Leicester.
W. RUMBLE, 84, Alma Rd., Winton, Bournemouth.
M. PETTERSON, 3, Dalcham Gdns., Hampstead, N.W.
REV. LLOYD WATTS, 31, Wharton St., W.C.
A. J. BARNES, Medical Hall, Harcourt Rd., Dublin.
H. V. HILL, Holme Villa, Wisbech, King's Lynn.
WM. A. POLLITT, 43, Dartmouth Rd., Hendon, N.W.
CAPT. WM. GISSING, 139, Newmarket St., Gt. Grimsby.
MISS HOLLOWELL, Thames St., Wallingford.
A. SAMMONS, Tram Terminus, Tooting Junction, S.W.
R. W. HUGHES, Penrhys Isaf Farm, Pontygwaith, Gl.
A. MORRIS, 9, New Chapel St., Mumbles, Swansea.
MRS. WILL SHARP, Penshurst, Tonbridge, Kent.
LOUIS MARSHALL, 15, Orion Rd., Weymouth.
SIR THOS. R. MOORE, Bt., Devonshire St., Cork.
GEO. H. LOVE, 10, Portland Terrace, Southampton.

And 100 others, see "You and I."

RULES OF THE COMPETITION.

Rule 1. The "Finish" must be written upon the Coupon only. A competitor may send in more than one Coupon. A Postal Order for 6d. must accompany each Coupon, and competitors must fill in the number of the Postal Order on each Coupon.

Rule 2. The Editor's decision will in all cases be final, and competitors entering this competition must agree to abide by his decision.

J.B. COUPON. No. 7

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Five Words 1..... 2..... (or less). 3..... 4..... 5.....

I enter this Competition agreeing to the rules as printed above.

No of P.O..... Sig.....

CHRONIC COUGH

Bronchitis and Asthma.

A NURSE'S ADVICE.

Nurse Bradshaw.

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Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is the Best Remedy for:—

COUGHS & COLDS. BRONCHITIS. WEAK LUNGS. INFLUENZA. ASTHMA. NASAL CATARRH. CHILDREN'S COUGHS. OLD AGE COUGHS.

9½d. A BOTTLE.

Larger sizes 1/1½ and 2/9, of all chemists, or post free from The Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Cedar Street, Manchester.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE.

What is Your Number?

OUR WEEKLY BALLOT FOR FIFTY HELPERS AT A GUINEA APIECE.

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published on this page.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL of specified date bearing any of such numbers we will, upon production of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA, in return for his (or her) using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation.

The following claims have been received for the issues of July 11th, September 5th, 26th, October 3rd and 10th:—

A. E. SAILL, 12, Adie Road, The Grove, Hammersmith. (No. 61203—July 11th.)

RAINER ROBERTS, 6, Ramsgate Street, Bury New Road, Manchester. (No. 42945—September 5th.)

FRED WHITLEY, Linkwood, Sewardstonebery, Chingford. (No. 64533—September 19th.)

F. G. BROWN, 42, Mall Road, W. (No. 71247—September 26th.)

T. ARMITAGE, 15, Manor Road, Sale, Cheshire. (No. 142344—October 3rd.)

H. BARNS, 209, St. Ann's Road, Tottenham. (No. 27642—October 3rd.)

C. W. SNOWDEN, 63, High Street, Deal. (No. 146344—October 3rd.)

A. E. BUCKLAND, 3, Vancouver Crescent, Alexandra Road, Beverley Road, Hull. (No. 43908—October 3rd.)

ALFRED BALCHIN, 129, Albert Road, Addiscombe, Surrey. (No. 39673—October 10th.)

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of October 17:—

592; 1157; 2358; 4125; 4655; 11209; 13046; 13064; 22631; 24514; 32121; 52260; 54023; 66938; 67858; 72752; 73450; 80319; 88319; 95397; 101338; 102618; 119338; 121728; 138837; 143900; 147033; 167825; 170387; 182344; 184956; 195397; 202131; 207327; 211248; 229253; 230462; 235782; 235526; 246028; 249736; 259982; 261974; 261983; 266114; 275248; 279012; 281291; 282111 287958;

INITIAL NOUGHTS SHOULD BE DISREGARDED, BUT FINAL ONES ARE, OF COURSE, RECKONED.

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED DECEMBER 26TH (PUBLISHED DECEMBER 24TH).

"John Bull's" Great Christmas Box Scheme.

£5,000 WORTH OF PRESENTS FOR OUR READERS.

TWO PIANOS.
TWENTY BICYCLES.
ONE HUNDRED WATCHES.
ONE HUNDRED UMBRELLAS.
ONE HUNDRED CLOCKS.
TEN GENTLEMEN'S DRESSING BAGS.
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SIX SILVER TEA AND COFFEE SERVICES.
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FIFTY HANDSOME VASES.
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ONE HUNDRED BEAUTIFUL DOLLS.
ONE HUNDRED BOXES OF TOYS.
ONE HUNDRED SETS OF STANDARD BOOKS.
FIVE HUNDRED FRAMED PRINTS, IN SEVEN COLOURS, OF THE ORIGINAL CHARACTER OF "JOHN BULL."
ONE HUNDRED CHRISTMAS PUDDINGS.
ONE HUNDRED CAKES.
ONE HUNDRED DOZEN MINCE PIES.
ONE HUNDRED BOXES OF CRYSTALLISED FRUIT.
TWELVE CASES OF BRANDY, WHISKY, PORT, SHERRY, AND GIN.
ONE HUNDRED TURKEYS.
ONE HUNDRED GEESE.
FIFTY BOXES OF CIGARS.
ONE HUNDRED RUBBER FOUNTAIN PENS.
ONE HUNDRED BOXES OF BROCK'S CHRISTMAS CRACKERS.

That will do to go on with. We will amplify the list from time to time.

NOW, WHICH OF THESE PRESENTS WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE? It rests entirely with you.

One of the PIANOS will be presented to the LADY READER and one to the GENTLEMAN READER who sends us in—between now and December 15th—the greatest number of coupons, as printed below and which will appear in each of our issues till then.

All the rest of the Prizes will be apportioned on a similar basis amongst those who fail to secure a Piano, and ALL OTHER READERS who send in coupons in the period just mentioned. The more coupons, the more valuable the prize.

A PRIZE COMMITTEE

Consisting of the Editor and six others will apportion the gifts—their decision is to be final:—

HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, Esq., M.P. (Editor).
HERBERT VIVIAN, Esq.
J. S. ELIAS, Esq., Director and Manager of Scheme Limited,
And others to be subsequently announced.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO COMPETITORS.

Readers desirous of retaining the benefit of the number on the Cover of any copy given away need simply copy such number on the back of the coupon sent in to us. There is no necessity, therefore, to cut the number out of the cover before sending or giving the copy away.

We cannot supply copies for distribution, in connection with this Scheme, as our printing presses are already heavily taxed, and it is essential that CURRENT ISSUES should be seen by PROSPECTIVE NEW READERS.

In view of the heavy work involved in the examination of claims, we shall be obliged if our readers will send in any coupons they may have in hand for the month of October; and, further, if they will adopt a similar course at the end of this month.

COUPON.

To be posted to, or left at, the Publishing Offices of JOHN BULL, 67, Long Acre, London, W.C., singly or in any quantities, at the end of November, but **not later than six o'clock on the evening of December 15th.**

I have sent, or handed, a copy of JOHN BULL to

.....

of.....

.....

.....

with whom I am personally acquainted, and have recommended him (or her) to become a regular reader of it; and in the event of my securing one of your Christmas Prizes, I am prepared, if requested by the Prize Committee, to give any further information which they may reasonably require.

Name .....

Address.....

Write distinctly. .....

NOTE.—This coupon may be cut out of the paper you send or and to your friend or acquaintance. **21/11/08.**

A BUOYANT STEP AND A HEART THAT'S LIGHT
— THANKS TO —
BEECHAM'S PILLS

Printed and Published for the Proprietors (John Bull, Ltd.) by Odhams Limited, 28 and 29, Long Acre, London, W.C.
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For meaning of this number see page iii. of Cover.